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A Bargain.—Gent's handsome real 18-carat Gold-cased centre-seconds Chronograph Stop Watch, absolutely correct timekeeper, jewelled movement. 10 years' written warranty; sacrifice 10/8. Sent for inspection before payment.

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Available from 8 p.m., Thursday, June 27th, 1901, until midnight, Friday, July 4th, 1901. For full particulars see page 844.

No. 572.] TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING JULY 4, 1901 ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. [ONE PENNY.

DIDN'T WANT TO LOSE THEM.

A PIGEON flyer was observed by a friend to place a parrot in his pigeon-loft among the birds.

On being asked the reason of this, he said:

"Well tha sees, last year, I lost a lot o' pigeons on them long journeys across t' watter, so this year I'm trying a remedy, and I don't think I shall lose any at all."

"Are you going to send the parrot with them?" asked his friend.

"Haw no, t' parrot flying abaht wi' 'em to learn 'em to tawk, then if they get lost, tha sees they can ask their way hoam."

WILLIE'S REVENGE.

WILLIE had been in the habit of disobeying his mother, and one day for this he got a severe beating.

After his suffering was over he went out to the door, sobbing loudly, and started to write on a little bit of paper.

When he had done writing, he dug a hole in the ground and put the little bit of paper down it.

His little sister (who had been watching him through the window) went immediately to the hole, and on opening same, found the little bit of paper, which bore the following inscription:

"Dear devil, come and take mother."

AN ALTERNATIVE.

AN iron bridge which spans a certain portion of a canal in Lancashire, has so long been in a shocking state of repair that one requires nerve to cross it in broad daylight, while at night it is practically impassable. It becomes increasingly evident, however, that something serious will have to happen before the canal company move in the matter.

Their attention was recently called to the fact that a woman had all but lost her life by falling off the dilapidated bridge into the water. Here is the secretary's cool reply to the complaint:

"Sir,—Your letter about the canal bridge at B. shall be laid before the board at their next meeting, three or four months hence. In the meantime, to prevent, as far as possible, a recurrence of the little accident you mention, would it not be better if the villagers used our other bridge a few miles farther down the bank? The water there is scarcely deep enough to drown a full-grown man."

WOMEN EXECUTIONERS.

Belgium Had One Recently, and America Had One Years Ago.

WHAT do you think of a woman who voluntarily offered herself to the Government as the public executioner?

A few years ago the official public executioner at Brussels died, and a substitute was temporarily appointed. On one occasion this person was ill and unable to attend. But at the appointed hour a stout, middle-aged woman presented herself at the central police-station and quietly remarked to the assembled functionaries:

"I've come for the execution. My husband is not very well this morning and has asked me to take his place. Please let us get to business."

The general stupefaction may be more easily imagined than described, which, being noticed by the would-be lady executioner, she added in a reassuring tone:

"Oh, this is not by any means the first time."

It afterwards transpired that the woman, whose name was Marie Rege, had officiated on several occasions in lieu of her husband. Dressed up in his clothes, and her face masked, she had been the public executioner at several executions, and never had the proceedings been interrupted by a single hitch. It is needless to add that the police authorities were unable to avail themselves of her offer on this occasion, however.

Just before the American Revolution a woman was sentenced to death for a murder she had committed in Virginia. The death sentence was respited on her offering to become public executioner, and, known as "Lady Betty," she performed these duties for many years. She officiated on the scaffold without any mask or disguise, and flogged criminals through the streets with enthusiastic vigour.

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A BREATH OF AIR.

Me know the country? Yus! Bin twice
Wiv them the Fresh Air people send.
It's sich a grite, big, woppin' plice,
It don't seem as it's got no end.

There ain't no coppers there ter stop
Yer orf the grass (the sort called wheat
'As got some little bits on top
Wot isn't 'arf so bad to eat).

There's flow'rs t r pick—orl kinds—and trees.
Bill Nokes an' me we climbed a lot.
An' buzzin' yeller flies called bees,
Whose feet yer find is 'orrid 'ot.

There's pretty moths called butterf ies
That keeps on flutt'rin' to an' fro;
An' fruit! Yer carn't believe yer eyes,
It looks so queer, the way things grow.

There's 'eaps of birds, orl flyin' loose
An' singin' art like anything;
A-tellin' ov it ain't no use,
You've got ter *'ear* the way they sing.

Wy, one chap, called a lark, can fly
So 'igh 'e looks a speck ov dust;
An' yet 'e seems ter fill the sky,
A-singing' till yer'd think 'e'd bust!

An' wen yer lay there in the grass,
An' smell the flow'rs, an' drink the air,
An' shut yer eyes, yer seem ter pass
Ter 'Eaven wiv the lark up there.

Yer seem ter only want ter lie
An' rest, an' not ter run an' shart;
Yer lose yerself in sun and sky,
An' 'ills an' meaders orl abart.

So wen yer've 'ad yer fill—an' strits
That isn't till the dy is done—
Yer feel that things is orl put right.
Thank 'Eaven fer the Fresh Air Fun'!

A KIND OFFER.

RAILWAY PORTER: "Please, sir, may I have three days off?"

Foreman: "Three days off, why what do you want three days off for?"

R. P.: "To get married, sir."

Foreman: "Married, what's your wage?"

R. P: "22s. per week, sir."

Foreman: "Here, take this" (offering him two shillings), "buy a rope and end your troubles at once."

R. P.: "Haven't any, sir."

Foreman: "All right, you may be off, and may you always be in the same fortunate position."

(Six months later.)

R. P.: "Please, sir, does that kind offer of yours (two shillings) still hold good?"

STIGGINS: "Who is that gentleman with whom you were walking a while ago?"

Pennybunker: "He is an original humourist."

"But why did you lift your hat continually while you were talking to him?"

"He was telling me some original jokes, and whenever I recognise an old acquaintance I always lift my hat."

A LADY about to visit a former school companion, and wishing that her baby daughter should look its best, intended to put on the child a needle-work cape she had been at great pains to work, and gave it to her to air before the kitchen fire while she went into the next room. She was absent longer than she expected, and on returning was astonished to hear little Bella call out from the kitchen: "Mamma! d'yer think it's neeley done? it's gettin' nice and brown."

Famous Folk who Never Lived.

We Come into Daily Contact with their Prototypes, but Never with the Originals.

FIRST comes Mrs. Grundy. Everybody has heard of that inestimable lady, but no one has ever seen her. Yet she occupies a prominent place in our daily lives.

Mrs. Grundy stands out as a warning figure in all matters appertaining to propriety, and she is supposed to put into practice all the virtues that go to make up a discreet and scrupulous person. "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" or "What will Mrs. Grundy think?" are phrases that are embodied in our vernacular.

Mrs. Grundy is about 120 years old, and dates her great popularity from a play called *Speed the Plough*, although the dame was spoken of before then.

There is Mrs. Malaprop. You often hear of her, and the majority of Britishers claim her acquaintance. She is best known for her eccentricities of speech. She pronounces words correctly but gets mixed in their application. She would, for instance, call the recent birth of the Italian Princess Yolanda a "auspicious" event probably, instead of "auspicious." Her wide-world fame is in the main due to Brinsley Sheridan, who introduced her to the public in *The Rivals*. She calls hysterics "hydrostatics," and obliterate "illiterate," and so on.

Another famous person is Mrs. Partington. This lady is a sort of half-sister to Mrs. Malaprop. She is a lady who tries always to do the impossible, and in this respect, perhaps, her fair daughters of the present generation often try to imitate her.

Mrs. Partington goes to clearance sales at some drapers, bent on striking bargains, and returns home with arms heavily laden with drapery stuff, which she has got at a price that nobody but Mrs. Partington could buy at.

Nobody, of course, has ever seen the lady herself, but her prototypes are numerous. Sydney Smith made Mrs. Partington. He described her as living by the sea-shore, and on a stormy day the good lady would "walk out upon the beach and try to push back the rising Atlantic with a mop."

The reputation once enjoyed by Mrs. Harris is regretfully declining. This lady was everything to Sairey Gamp, a very prominent character in Dickens' "Martin Chuzzlewit." When a person is laying down the law about some subject he knows, perhaps, very little about, he spices his arguments with authorities which may be genuine or otherwise. Sairey Gamp was a quaint old lady who was given to airing her opinions on most things, and to back up what she said, always introduced her great and only authority, to wit, Mrs. Harris, who, of course, was quite a mythical person. In the good old days, whatsoever Mrs. Harris said was final.

A good-hearted, generous woman is known to her friends as Lady Bountiful; a lady who is given to arrogance and has contempt for the specific objects of the world is usually designated Lady Disdain; whilst the woman who is fastidious and over-nice is called Lady Squeamish. All these ladies are popular, but they never existed in the flesh, though all three have been immortalised in classic plays of the *School for Scandal* type.

The men, too, have their popular non-existent creatures, who are invoked in the same way as their contemporaries, the women.

There is Lord Foppington, for example, whose prototypes we come across every day. He is represented by the conceited man, the empty-headed coxcomb.

Mr. Fudge is perhaps more famous than his friend Foppington. Mr. Fudge is the deity who takes under his protection those men whose regard for truth is marked by its complete absence. Lord Tom Noddy, too, the embodiment of youthful nobility, is constantly referred to.

The lady-killer who haunts boarding-establishments at the seaside and elsewhere, who runs after every girl he sees and vows that he loves only the lady he has just met, is styled by the world Don Juan. Like all the rest, Don Juan is purely a mythical person and has never been anything else, but he has got to be such a reality that it were hard to believe that he lives only in the minds of the people

Positively, the July number of PEARSON'S MAGAZINE beats all the records of the sixpenny magazine world. It is brimful of attractions.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

LONG TOMMY AND LITTLE TOMMY.

By Sadi Grant.

At Poona the plague had been almost worse than anywhere. Weekly it had claimed its victims by hundreds. There, where the wide river flows down from the Ghauts to the sea, misery and desolation stood hand in hand, looking out over the plains, where the faint mists of pestilence rose on the sultry, steaming air. The wide roads, planted with shady trees and bordered by villas and bungalows in private gardens, were deserted; no parties of cheerful English girls rode along the tan rides at the sides of the roads, even the bandstand down by the Weir was nearly deserted.

Morning and evening small parties of natives made their way out to the camps they had set up for themselves two or three miles out of the infected city, but the bustle of life over the big bridge and in the native bazaars was over—there were not one quarter as many bullock-carts as the year before—everybody had a stealthy, frightened look; the men went to the business they could not avoid, in the morning, and hurried out again as soon as possible, through the plantations of sugar-cane and the fields of castor-oil bushes, which looked so like gooseberry trees, away to where some small elevation gave a chance of purer air. Even the ghastly Towers of Silence where the dead Parsees are laid on gratings for the vultures to devour, even they had an added gloom, for the birds had too much to eat in this time of pestilence, and remained stupidly silent, not even croaking when fresh supplies were brought.

At the big doorway of the English hospital an English nurse had come out for a little fresh air. She was Eleanor Cartwright, the daughter of the Dean of Axminster. The Deanery had been dull, she had thought; what use was a life passed in the grey Cloisters, in the shadow of the Cathedral?

Nothing but an earthquake could move the every-day round of life; even the charities were fixed, and as incapable of independent action as everything else. Eleanor pined for excitement—for a commission in the fighting ranks of the Battle of Life. The dear old Dean sighed, but acquiesced; Eleanor's life was her own.

So she went away to London and studied medicine; then when the plague became so bad in India, and English nurses were sent for by the Government, she was one of those whose application was accepted. She thought herself very fortunate, and hurried down to the Deanery to get her things ready—it was as exciting getting her outfit as if it were her trousseau; indeed, Eleanor would have scoffed at the comparison. What was Matrimony to a Mission?—nothing at all. So she sailed away across the blue sea, as many another has done before—full of hope and health; some to find happiness and success, and some only broken health and a grave in a foreign land.

First, she had been appointed to the hospital in Bombay, and when the plague got so much worse in Poona she was sent on there. She could not complain of want of work, at any rate; not a day passed without its victims, among them many Europeans.

In five different ways the plague showed itself—some more fatal than the others, but all agonising and disgusting to see. Eleanor kept up bravely; she poulticed the dreadful sores, she soothed the delirious heads with her soft cool hands, she earned the blessings of a very few and the thankless hate of many. The natives dislike being treated by Europeans, they would rather lie in their own huts, gnawing potatoes or roots or crusts, anything, as long as they are eating; for they believe that as long as they eat, they will live. And so, of course, they do, but it makes them live no longer.

This evening Eleanor had looked so pale and faint the matron had sent her away for an hour to get some fresh air, but she had not the energy to go farther than the door.

Here she stood, leaning against a pillar and breathing gratefully the small evening breeze, not tainted by those dreadful wards.

It was October, the rains were over and the freshness they bring with them had already gone. A close, damp smell of earth filled the air, the smell of India in the evening. A dusty compound, with a few dried-up rose bushes and oleanders in the centre, stretched in front of the doorway of the hospital; beyond this, iron railings, and a gateway always open, divided the compound from the road beyond.

At this gate Eleanor saw coming in a tall trooper in uniform, with a small dark boy about ten years old. The boy was not a native, but evidently half-and-half; he was dressed in a white drill suit, and clung anxiously to his tall protector's hand.

The trooper came up to the doorway, and saluted Eleanor gravely.

"What is it you want?" said Eleanor. "Do you wish to see the doctor or the matron? I am afraid this is not the proper time to come, but I daresay I can manage it for you."

"Thank you, miss," said the trooper; "you see, it's this way. I wants to speak to somebody in authority, so to say, about this 'ere boy."

"He is not your boy, then?" said Eleanor, questioningly.

"No, miss," said the trooper. "My name is Thomas Browne, at your service, a trooper in C troop of the 45th Lancers, and I ain't got no family of any kind."

"Who is he, then?" said Eleanor.

"Well, miss, he come down to the Barracks ten days or so ago, and he sorter fastened on to me like. The pore little beggar says his father and mother is both dead of the plague up at Ahmed Nugger, and he come down to Poona with a party of travellers to find his mother's relations, as is named De Souza, living in Poona; and if I've been to one De Souza, I've been to a dozen, but they all says they knows nothing about 'im."

"Why did he go to the Barracks?" said Eleanor, much interested.

"Well, miss, 'e seems accustomed to the ways of soldiers, and I think p'raps 'is father was a gunner up at Ahmed Nugger, but 'e can't tell us nothing definit about hisself."

"But why have you brought him here?" said Eleanor; "we can't take him in possibly."

The small boy raised a positive howl at the idea.

"There, there, Tommy," said the soldier, "don't be ridiklous, you ain't a-going to stay here. Don't be a fool, now."

He patted the little boy kindly on the back, and finally lifted him up in his arms. Two little brown arms clutched him tightly round the neck, and Trooper Thomas Browne's curly hair and freckles looked very European indeed by the boy's little black head.

Mr. Browne smiled apologetically at Eleanor.

"I can't help it, miss," he said. "A boy of 'is age didn't ought to be so babyish, but the pore little feller's so lonely, I 'aven't the 'eart to snub 'im."

"It is very nice of you, indeed, to be so good to him," said Eleanor eagerly, "tell me what it is you want me to do."

"Well, miss," said the trooper, putting the boy down and shaking himself straight, "I thought as the 'ospital is like the 'eadquarters of the Plague, and so you might by chance hear something of 'is relations. Anyhow, it's the only way I could think on to find out anything about them. I suppose you gets reports 'ere from Ahmed Nugger."

"Yes, we do," said Eleanor, "but only merely the bare facts of how many died and how many recovered. However, I will ask the Matron to write to the hospital at Ahmed Nugger about him and inquire if anything is known there about his father and mother."

"Thank you, miss," said Thomas Browne, in a relieved manner, and prepared to depart.

"Oh, don't go yet," cried Eleanor, "tell me more about him; what is his name and where is he living now?"

"With me, miss," said Mr. Browne, proudly, "leastways, he don't actahally live in my barrack room, cos it ain't allowed, but 'e's with me whenever he can manage it, ain't you, Tommy? We calls 'im Tommy Atkins, miss," he continued; "'e 'ad some outlandish name, 'e told us, but Tommy Atkins comes more 'andy like."

"But I must know his real name, if I am to make inquiries about him," cried Eleanor, laughing.

"Of course, miss," said the trooper, "blest if I remember it! what is it? What's your name, Tommy?"

"Tommy Atkins," said the small boy with great decision, and looked defiantly at Eleanor.

"No, not that, come now," said the trooper, "what's the name you had at Ahmed Nugger? Tell the lady, like a good boy."

But Tommy refused to be drawn into further conversation, and said nothing, nor could any blandishments induce him to do so.

"I'll get it out of 'im sometime, miss, when we're alone," said the soldier to Eleanor apologetically. "I didn't pay much attention to it at first, and now it's clean gone out of my 'ead. The sergeant's wife as does for 'im very likely knows."

"Well, you must come again and tell me," said Eleanor. "I am most interested in him. Please wait here for a minute."

And she hurried away indoors, and up to her own small room where she had a little store of English money, for emergencies. Thomas Browne beguiled the time by lecturing small Tommy on his behaviour, a lecture to which that youth paid little attention, his thoughts being occupied by the movements of a skinny black and white cat, sunning itself in the compound. Soon Eleanor hurried out again and down the steps to them.

"You must have many extra expenses with Tommy," she said, eagerly: "you must let me give you something towards them. Do let me," she added, as Thomas Browne got very red in the face and deliberately backed away from the half sovereign she held out.

"I didn't come 'ere for money, thank you, miss," he said gruffly.

"Oh, no, of course, I know you didn't!" said Eleanor nervously, "and it is not you I give it to, but little Tommy, in case you got ill or anything, and then he must have clothes, you know, and shoes and stockings."

Thomas Browne looked at her gravely, and saluted stiffly.

"Thank the lady, Tommy," he said, as Tommy stretched out an eager little brown hand. "It's very good of you, miss," he added, "and I suppose I've no call to refuse anything for the little chap. Good evenin', miss," and he saluted again.

Eleanor watched the oddly-matched pair leave the compound with tears in her eyes; the unthinking kindness and unselfishness of the trooper touched her very much—they made a little oasis of pleasant ideas to think about, in the middle of her dreary round of work. She used to look out eagerly for them when she went for her rare walks, and several times she joined them, and soon began to be treated by Tommy as a friend.

The trooper was rather silent on these occasions; he saw very well that Eleanor Cartwright was, as he expressed it, "a lady born," and he felt nervous and ill-at-ease in her society, also a very little jealous of Tommy's growing affection for her. Still he was flattered by her interest.

Tommy's real name turned out to be George Tammany, according to himself, but whether "Tammany" was only Tommy's way of pronouncing it, or if it was right, they did not know. The matron at the Poona Hospital wrote to Ahmed Nugger stating the facts of his arrival at Poona, and asking if anything was known about him up there. But no answer had yet come.

Meanwhile Tommy was perfectly contented and happy where he was. He was a funny little boy, and did not care for the society of the other children in barracks, but was only happy when by his long protector's side. He would sit solemnly for hours while that worthy lay lazily smoking on the brown grass of the barrack compound, and would have broken his little heart had Mr. Browne gone for his evening stroll without him.

But Thomas Browne never did. Every evening they turned out of the barrack gates together, Long Tommy and Little Tommy, as they were called in the regiment. They usually went down to the bandstand by the Weir, by the wide, cool river. Further up there were dear little green islands on its broad surface and sheltered nooks, like heavens of silence.

Further up still was Rosherville, where members of the English boat-club went up for five o'clock tea—about an hour's row up and another hour down, arriving down in time to dress for dinner at eight or half past. Alas, few little parties went up that year—the general gloom had extended to even Rosherville, and the tea-man was in despair. What use to prepare enticing little cakes when nobody came to eat them?

In Eleanor's walks with Tommy and his friend, she asked all kinds of questions about Thomas Browne's home and relations, and was very much interested to hear he came from a village near Axminster she knew well by name.

"What family have you there?" she asked.

"Only my old mother and one brother, who keeps the butcher's shop," said Thomas Browne. "Very respectable he is," he added proudly, "and doing well. He lets me mother want for nothing, but she's mortal fond of me, mother is, all the same."

"I'm sure she is," said Eleanor, kindly, seeing that in spite of pride in the possession of the well-to-do brother, there was a good deal of jealousy in Thomas Browne's honest heart. "I must tell them all about you when I write home," she added, "and one of my sisters will go out and see your mother and tell her what I say."

"Do you come from those parts then yourself, miss?" said Mr. Browne politely.

"My father is Dean of Axminster," said Eleanor, and sighed as she thought she might never again see the Dean's kindly face. Axminster and Poona seemed so very far apart. Thomas Browne was impressed.

"I've seen some of the Dean's young ladies when I've gone into Axminster on messages," he said. "Dear me, miss, how cur'ous it is, you and me should meet out 'ere."

"The world is very small after all, Browne," said Eleanor. "Now we have found this out you must really let me take more real interest in Tommy. I feel as if he were almost an Axminster boy."

"If anything should 'appen to me, miss," said Browne, "'e shall come to you, but I wants 'im myself now; I'm fond of the little chap, and 'e'd be miserable without me."

"Of course, I did not mean to take him away," said Eleanor, "only to be another person for him to look to for help."

"You're very kind, miss," said Browne vaguely, and dropped the subject—he had an idea that Tommy might, through Eleanor's agency, disappear into a school or reformatory, "as is the way with them charitable people," he said to himself, and cautiously kept away from the Weir that week. So Eleanor did not really see very much of them after all. The stuffy October weather went on and still the plague increased—cold weather in Poona would not really begin till December, and they had no hope of better things till then.

Day after day a train of victims was carried in at the gates of the hospital and a train carried out. Eleanor began to feel as if the world were one great plague city.

There was a separate ward for European patients and in this she generally worked.

One hot afternoon she was in this ward, when an assistant came in and told her to get a place ready for a soldier of the Lancers.

Eleanor thought of Thomas Browne, with a presentiment of evil. Still, there was no reason to imagine it should be him.

There were very many other troopers. She got ready a little separate room at the end of the ward, which happened then to be vacant.

Soon she heard the tramp, tramp of the ambulance corps bringing the patient up the stone stairs, and with them a lighter patter of steps. Before she went out to meet them, she felt sure they belonged to little Tommy. The bearers carried the tall soldier in, and laid him on the bed, and poor little Tommy crept to the other side and looked at her with anxious, unchildlike eyes.

"He should not have come," she said in a low voice to one of the bearers.

"We couldn't help it, mum," the man said; "the little feller hasn't left Browne's side night or day since he was took ill. It's 'eart-rending to see him, the women at the Barracks said."

In this time of over-work, discipline was not very strict at the hospital, and Eleanor hoped to get leave from the doctor, who was a kind-hearted man, for Tommy to remain. Any infection there might be, he would have taken already, if he took it at all.

So Tommy remained, holding the scarcely conscious man's hand, and resting his little head on the pillow by his side.

"Don't leave Tommy, don't leave me," was his continual cry.

"No, Tommy, man, no," the soldier murmured at intervals.

Towards night he became a little better, and was able to take some beef tea.

"I'm afraid I'm mortal bad, miss," he said feebly to Eleanor.

"You must keep up a good heart," she said cheerfully, "and you may get well yet. Determination is everything."

"I'm too low for that, miss," he said sadly: "seems as if I didn't care 'ow soon I died, except for my dear old mother at 'ome and Tommy here."

"You're much better now," cried Tommy, hugging him. "Miss Nurse will make you well."

But the gleam of improvement was soon over. All the next day poor Thomas Browne struggled with the increasing languor of an Eastern disease—by the evening no hope was left; the single-minded soldier had fought his last battle, his simple, kindly heart beat very feebly. Before a second morning came, Thomas Browne had crossed the line of Death, and poor little "Tommy Atkins" was alone in the world once more.

"The King A-Begging" is a great short story by Robert Barr in the July PEARSON'S.

The King Likes French Candies, and Tyndall Doted on Peppermint.

A FEW intimate friends of the late Dr. Stubbs, Bishop of Oxford, knew a curious fact concerning his lordship's taste that the world at large little suspected. They only knew it because he confessed to them at such times as they surprised him indulging in a weakness that most of the undergraduates have given up. His confession was tinged with apology, and it was uttered in a way that made the listener all the more charmed with a really charming man. One who has heard the usual apology recalls it as follows:

"I am having a few sweets because I am so fond of them. When at Chester I was troubled with a cough and I fell into the habit of sucking lozenges as a relief and now I often fly to a little candy when I am likely to be alone with my work. I don't know what some of the youngsters would say if they discovered my depravity. Please don't inform them."

Henry Ward Beecher was another able preacher who was fond of sweetmeats. And his liking for them was on an altogether more abandoned scale than that of Dr. Stubbs, for the famous American divine would purchase more at a time than it would be wise for even a healthy boy to consume. He would then take up an absorbing book and munch away at the "sweeties" until they were all gone! No wonder that his physician could not account for the patient's strange loss of appetite and torpid liver; and no wonder that the distinguished men and women who were occasionally his hosts and hostesses looked with alarm when he asked for still more sugar in his tea when he had already had a double allowance.

Professor Tyndall once admitted that he found a good deal of comfort in a piece of peppermint. He was a regular purchaser of it, and when without any stock he was uneasy in mind and body. It would, of course, be foolish to say that this simple sweet influenced his weighty mental work, yet he was not ashamed to declare that he could think better when his tongue was engaged in turning over a piece of this popular delicacy.

His Majesty the King, while not indulging in sweets of the common order, is known to be a lover of many French desserts that seldom find a place in the exhibits of our sweetstuff shops only by reason of their costliness. His Majesty is said to enjoy a cigar most when it is smoked immediately after a sweet, and to this end the very cleverest confectioners available are employed in the Royal kitchens.

Prince Bismarck knew the pleasure to be had from sugar, though in his latter years his medical advisers absolutely declined to allow him to take it. But when a young man, and when middle-aged, he was often to be seen eating sweets, when not smoking the black cigars to which he was also much addicted.

The late Lord Tennyson had a sweet tooth. He liked the sweet port wine that is sold in such large quantities by the family grocer, and he liked the sugared almonds and the dainty French products that find favour with the young English ladies who go abroad to finish their education.

Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne deals largely in sweets, even if he does not consume many himself. He has a large and devoted army of little friends of both sexes, upon whom he lavishes parcels of precious dainties.

Possibly some of the poet's beautiful lines are but reflexions of the pretty smiles and winsome signs of gratitude that he meets with while on his sweets distribution excursions.

Quite a number of our jockeys eat sweets regularly. It is true that some of them are still boys from an age point of view, yet it is not because of their years that they continue school practices; it is because hunger can be stayed better when sweets are kept in the mouth. They do not eat too many, else the sugar would add to their physical weight, and they do not buy at random. "Acid drops" and "lime-juice tablets" are favourites with horsey men, as the sharp flavours of these varieties are thought to stave off thirst as well as hunger. When sweets are not taken by jockeys grapes are "pressed" into use.

It is wrong to suppose that a moderate indulgence in sweets is harmful to children or adults; the very opposite is the case. One or even two ounces of sweets a day to a healthy body is only so much more food, provided, of course, that the sweets are pure and contain no injurious colouring matter. If the person's teeth are decayed, or the outer surface of the teeth is impaired, raw sugar in any form should be abstained from. But to a healthy person desirous of putting on muscle a little daily indulgence in sugar is an excellent thing. Medical men, too, agree that sugar is good for the lungs.

P.W. is sorry to have to say all this in favour of sugar just after the recent Budget declarations, yet "better late than never."

OYSTERS A THOUSAND YEARS OLD.

THE oyster at the commencement of its career is so small that 2,000,000 would only occupy a square inch. In six months each individual oyster is large enough to cover half-a-crown, and in twelve months a crown piece. The oyster bears its age upon its back, and it is as easy to tell the age of an oyster by looking at its shell as it is that of horses by looking at their teeth.

Everyone who has handled an oyster shell must have noticed the successive layers overlapping each other. These are technically termed shots, and each one marks a year's growth, so that by counting them the age of the oyster can be determined. Up to the time of its maturity—that is, when four years of age—the shots are regular and successive; but after that time they became irregular, and are piled one upon another, so that the shell becomes bulky and thickened.

Fossil oysters have been seen of which each shell was nine inches thick, whence they may be guessed to be more than 900 years old.

A VERY SINGULAR BED.

IN one of the old castles of Northern England visitors are shown two rooms which are connected with each other by a singular mechanism. Each room is adjoined by an alcove, used as a sleeping-room apartment, and the floors of the adjoining alcoves turn on a pivot in the centre of the partition wall.

This ingenious device was the invention of one of the ancestors of the present proprietor, who was somewhat of a wag, and found great pleasure in frightening and mystifying his guests.

When one had gone to bed in the green room and the other in the blue, the floors were turned on their pivots, and on awakening the visitor found himself in strange quarters, with clothes that were not his own.

It is said that this fun-loving lord lost a rich inheritance by disturbing the restful moments of a wealthy aunt, who never forgave the trick her nephew played upon her.

WHY JEWELLERS' CLOCKS ARE SET AT 8.20.

IT may have been noticed by many people that the dummy clock signs hanging outside jewellers' shops are almost always set at eighteen minutes past eight.

Some people say that it is in commemoration of the time the memorable Charge of Balaclava took place, others declare it is the exact time of day that Her Majesty Queen Victoria was born.

These theories would look reasonable perhaps, if true, but on ascertaining the time of the above events, it will be found that neither the memorable charge nor the moment her late Majesty was ushered into this world occurred at eighteen minutes past eight.

On looking more closely into the case it will be found that it is the only arrangement upon the dial which will admit of the jeweller's name and address being painted in large letters on it without intersecting the hands, which is submitted as the most plausible reason.

How to Save Money!

If You Know, it May be Worth £10 to You.

IT is an incontrovertible fact that only a very small proportion of the inhabitants of the United Kingdom are capable of saving money.

A man in receipt of £2, £3, £4, or even £8 a week often finds it absolutely impossible to put by even a few shillings a week. On the other hand, many men receiving the same salary manage to save up quite a respectable sum.

The average man who suddenly resolves to put by, say, 5s. or 10s. weekly does so for six or eight weeks, and then, finding himself in possession of £2 or £3, immediately decides to spend it in paying some outstanding bill, or in buying some article of furniture he has long wanted. When this is done—where are his savings?

The difficulty in saving seems to be how to put away the money every week so that it cannot be touched when it assumes substantial proportions.

Information of this kind given by those who have put their theories into practice would be invaluable to others who are anxious yet unable to save.

Therefore, we offer the sum of £10 for the best essay on "How to Save Money."

Competitors should write their essays on one of the following lines:

1. How to Save on a Salary of £2 a week.
2. " " " £3 "
3. " " " £4 "
4. " " " £5 "
5. " " " £8 "

It is not necessary to tabulate how every penny should be spent. All that should be told is what proportion of the salary should be put by, and in what manner it should be kept.

It may be roughly stated how much a family *ought* to spend on certain things—rent, food, etc.—but minute details are useless, as no two persons disburse their money in the same way.

Attempts should be as concise and short as possible, should be written clearly on one side of the paper only, and should be addressed to Room 36, Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, Strand, W.C., in envelopes marked "SAVE." Closing date will be announced next week.

DON'T BE A MILLIONAIRE!

It Really Isn't Worth the Bother—You Can Be Quite as Happy on £200 a Year.

KEEP fresh. The man who can come fresh to his work will always go one better than the fellow who sticks too long at it.

Nature's laws on the subject of money-making are inexorable. They can be summed up in the one phrase—"Thus far, and no further." The wise man is he who knows his "Thus far." He seldom becomes a millionaire; but he lives to enjoy what he has made, and he takes pleasure in the making of it.

The fool may die a millionaire, but his millions cannot buy happiness. The man who devotes his life to his business may in course of years become oblivious to everything else. But this oblivion is not happiness; it is merely a species of mania.

Just now it is fashionable. It has built up a race of touchy, nervous gold-seekers, whose one object in life is to get richer. These men have existed in all ages, but although to-day they can amass wealth more quickly than ever, it is safe to say that never was the process more wearing upon health and mind. Their lives are lived upon the brink of a precipice, a position which is not without its little excitements, but which no wise man will envy them.

Look, for example, at the financial history of the last decade. Two names stand out most prominently. Ten years ago no man was more courted than the King of the Kaffir Circus; five years later his crown had passed to the irrepressible King of the Cycle Boom. To-day, one has long since found a suicide's grave, the other is a bankrupt, whilst their place has been temporarily usurped by an American Railroad King.

What is the moral?

Don't want too much. Be satisfied with your fair share. Rest assured that the moment you seize more you will make enemies who, though puny, perhaps, as individuals, are strong enough collectively to pull you down a thousand times over. Most millionaires have experienced this.

Remember, the Carnegies and Pierpoint Morgans are few. They are merely the fittest, who have survived. In that struggle were thousands of others of equal promise. They have broken done and gone under. The chances against your becoming a Carnegie are hundreds of thousands to one; is it good enough to risk your health and strength in so unequal a contest?

Everyone likes to make money, if only for the comforts it can procure. But if the making of it entails more discomforts than it will repay you, where does your gain come in? There is a medium, of course; and this medium must be governed by the workers' capabilites.

Brown and Jones are making £200 a year apiece in similar businesses. Both want to add another £100 a year to their incomes. Brown is a smart chap, and by stopping every night an hour later at his business easily puts on the required increment. Jones' however, was already hard put to it to make his £200. The extra pressure worries him to a skeleton, and finally hurries him into an early grave twenty years before his time.

The moral is obvious. Brown could stand the strain, Jones couldn't. Jones was no lazier than Brown, but he was less capable. It was absurd for him to measure himself with Brown's standard, for Brown can still make his £300 a year and keep in good health. It is his normal output, he knows it, and he refuses to work any harder. Jones' normal output was worth £150 a year. Had he stuck to that figure he would have been alive and well to-day. But he couldn't stand by and see Brown passing him, so he said. It was natural, but it was suicidal. Look around and you will see it everywhere.

How do you stand personally? If you are in Brown's shoes and working at £100 a year below normal you are wasting time. Come, now, hustle around and earn that surplus. If, on the other hand, you are already making £50 more than your true working value and are contemplating making another £100, pull up at once whilst you have time.

"It is easier to say than do," you think. Nonsense! It is easier to be proud than to acknowledge one's limitations, perhaps; but the latter is the wiser. You can be every whit as happy on £200 as upon £300 or £400 a year, if you go the right way to work. Most people don't, of course; but why should that affect you?

Live in a cheaper house. It is only a matter of pride, miscalled "self-respect," and the comforts are at once apparent. It is surely more comfortable to be the best-off man in a small road than to be straining every nerve and penny in the vain endeavour to keep up appearances amid richer neighbours in some larger house.

Find out for yourself just how long you can work without feeling any deleterious after-effects. Try and fix a regular hour for shutting up your desk every night, and, having fixed it, stick to it. Above all things start a hobby—it will help to bring you back fresh to your work.

Be careful in your choice. Your hobby should differ entirely from your employment. If you are rushing about the city all day, try something not too fatiguing, such as gardening. If, on the contrary, you are sitting all day at a desk, try a complete change, such as cycling, cricket, or any robust outdoor exercise.

A story more fantastic, and at the same time more convincing, more life-like, than Mr. Wells's new serial, "The Sea Lady," beginning in the July PEARSON'S, has never been written.

The Most Simply Taxed Country.

OF all civilised countries the United States appears to possess the simplest method of raising its revenue. Each State levies its own taxes, but, with comparatively insignificant exceptions, there is only one tax, a direct one on real and personal property. The various States contribute their quota to the general revenue, and the rest of the national funds come from what is a simple and direct tax on foreign imports, and produces a little over a hundred and fifty million dollars against about a hundred and seventy-one millions of internal revenue.

The most simply taxed country in Europe is Servia. Nearly all taxation is direct, and the proportion of revenue raised from this source is to customs and excise as twenty to seven. Simplicity of taxation in Servia is partly explained by the fact that the revenue is largely derived from Government monopolies, which produce almost as much as the whole of the direct taxation. (Reply to Question 5605.)

Minorities Against Majority.

THERE have been several occasions in our parliamentary history in which a considerable number of members of the House of Commons have seceded in a body and left the House as a protest against the ruling of the majority. The earliest instance on record is the refusal of forty members of the Commons to wait on Richard II. to give their reasons for demanding the dismissal of the Earl of Suffolk. They refused to do it, pleading that, as the King himself had not attended the Convocation of Parliament for over forty days, they were all free to return to their constituencies. This was found to be the law, and the King yielded.

In 1738 the Tory Party agreed to leave the House in a body unless their desire for war with Spain was gratified, and sixty members did withdraw, only to come back the next session. A similar instance happened in the House of Lords in 1832. The Duke of Wellington, Prime Minister in 1830, was dead against reform. In 1832 the Commons passed the Reform Bill by a large majority, and for the second time the Lords rejected it. Much against his will, the King consented to force the measure through the Upper House by the creation of a sufficient number of new peers to overcome the Opposition. The Duke, always consistent to his opinions, protested against this by leaving the House, and was followed by a hundred peers, and so the measure passed. (Reply to Question 5606.)

Our Greatest Mistake.

MISTAKES made by the British Government have been so numerous and so disastrous in their effects that it is somewhat difficult to say which is the worst. There is no doubt that a tremendous mistake was made in the case of the American Colonies by Lord North's Government enforcing the false principle of taxation without representation; but, although this led, as is generally supposed, to the loss of the New England Colonies, subsequent history has not proved that the consequences of the mistake were very grave. Sooner or later a separation must have come about, and, even if it had not done so, the Empire might well have been rent to pieces by the tremendous struggle of the Civil War between North and South.

In 1852 the Aberdeen Ministry made a very grave mistake as to the character and ambitions of Napoleon III. which ultimately involved us in the enormously costly and absolutely unprofitable Crimean War. The Gladstone Government of 1884 made a fearful blunder in abandoning Gordon to his fate; but even this has not proved so disastrous as the mistake which the same Government made in 1881, when it refused to allow Sir Evelyn Wood to crush the rebellious Boers. Each of these mistakes has cost us a war, but the mistake of 1881 came perilously near to losing us half a continent, and its effects will be felt through at least two generations to come. (Reply to Question 5617.)

War Played Like Chess.

THE campaigns of Wellington in the Peninsula had all the characteristics of "the game of kings." From the commencement the British general utilised the Portuguese as pawns. At Grijon, in 1809, for instance, he posted a regiment of them in a pine-wood "to amuse the enemy," and a few days later he gave "check" to Soult by passing the Douro after leading the French Marshal to believe it was impossible to do so.

Still later, Wellington apparently sacrificed all he had won for the sake of leading Massena on after him to the lines of Torres Vedras, and when Junot pronounced these impregnable and ordered a retreat, Wellington harassed him with his Light Division, as a player might have done with his knights. The advance on, and retreat from Madrid furnish similar parallels to the game, and that the bishops came into play there is evidence enough to show in Wellington's own dispatches. How checkmate was given when Soult was brought to bay at Toulouse is matter of history. (Reply to Question 5608.)

The World at War.

DURING the Napoleonic period, from 1798, when Bonaparte was fighting with the Turks in Egypt, onwards to the date of Waterloo, the whole civilized world was practically at war. During these years there was not a single European nation that was not under arms. Britain was fighting the French in India, and the Americans on the high seas, as well as in Canada; China was in conflict with its subjects in Central Asia, and there were revolutions both in Chili and the Argentine against Spanish domination, besides other lesser wars elsewhere in South America.

Previous to the general peace of Utrecht in 1763 there was a period when many countries were at war. The Turks were fighting the Russians, the Poles were at war with them and with Austria, Prussia won Silesia from Russia and Austria in 1763, England was in conflict with France and Spain, and the customary chronic state of warfare between the piratical states of Northern Africa and the European nations continued all the time from 1756 onwards. (Reply to Question 5610.)

The Best Served Country.

BY feeling and training the Japanese possess so strong a sentiment of loyalty that their officials possibly serve their country with less of self-seeking than any others. The nursery catechism in Japan inculcates that the Emperor is to be loved above father and mother, and that life itself must be yielded at his bidding. The same sentiment permeates the nation.

This alone does not insure conscientiousness in Japanese officials, but it lays a sure foundation for it, and it is remarkable how assiduous Japanese officials sent to Europe on Goverment business are to get full value for their principals; forming in this respect a strong contrast to officials of other nationalities, who expect to be bribed as a matter of course. As a whole our own officials are perhaps better than any, but personal ambitions, red tapeism, and departmental traditions too often interfere with good service to the State. (Reply to Question 5619.)

When Coal was Made.

THE conditions prevailing in the Carboniferous Period, as geologists call the coal-forming age, were such as were favourable and even essential for the formation of the great coal beds which have been of such immense service to mankind. It was, briefly, a period when the land area of the northern hemisphere was covered with a rank vegetation such as we find to-day in tropical swamps; when, moreover, that area was subject to such changes of level that vast accumulations of plant life were carried below the sea, so that strata of sandstone, limestone and shale were built up above it, compressing the masses of decaying vegetation, of whose size we can now form no idea, into our most important combustible.

Thus we see that coal must have accumulated along an unsteady sea-margin. For instance, while the more important coal-measures of Scotland and the North of England were being formed, there lay to the South an open sea, in which the thousand of animalculæ, building up their tiny frames from the mineral constituents of the sea-water, and gathering in thick layers on the bottom, formed the limestones of the same age which cover so much of the Midland counties. (Reply to Question 5620.)

Duellists who did not Kill.

THE two most famous duellists who never killed their men known to history are the Chevalier de Saint Georges, a mulatto, who was reputed to be the finest fencer in France, and in more recent time M. Georges de Labruyère, who constituted himself the champion of Mme. Seberine, editress of the *Cris du Peuple*. Both these champions of the sword fought scores of duels in which severe wounds were given and taken, but both were humane and chivalrous and never took life, as their skill would have enabled them to do.

In his duel with Lieutenant de Mellville M. Labruyère was run through the right lung and almost immediately afterwards pierced his opponent's left lung. Both had to be carried off the field, but they ultimately recovered. In this connection it may be noted that the ridicule in which certain English papers indulge in with regard to French and Italian duelling is generally quite beside the point. Every duellist takes his life in his hand and can practically kill his adversary when he chooses; but if the stroke is not made according to the laws of fence he is certain to be killed himself in doing it. This is why the drawing of blood is considered to be a satisfaction for injured honour. (Reply to Question 5611.)

Our Biggest Voting Borough.

THE greatest numbers of votes ever given to candidates in a borough election for Parliament are 15,097 and 14,752, which represent those polled by the two successful candidates in last year's election for Newcastle-on-Tyne. Newcastle has (by some 5,000) a greater electorate than any borough in England, Scotland, or Ireland, viz., 34,690.

The reason of this is that in the Redistribution Bill of 1884-5 the boroughs generally were cut up into parts of about 50,000 population each; where the population did not reach 150,000 or thereabouts the two-membered constituencies remained. Of these there are eighteen in England: viz., Bath, Blackburn, Bolton, Brighton, Derby, Devonport, Halifax, Ipswich, Leicester, Newcastle, Norwich, Oldham, Portsmouth, Plymouth, Preston, Southampton, Stockport, and Sunderland, one in Scotland (Dundee), and one in Ireland (Cork). The second largest electorate is that of Oldham, 29,253, but here the number of votes of the successful candidate only amounted to 12,947. (Reply to Question 5612.)

The Greatest Fiction Readers.

THE people of the United States appear to be the greatest readers of fiction. Several years ago they possessed 1,686 public libraries, containing 13,800,000 volumes, and from these the issues of fiction alone comprised between seventy and eighty per cent. of the whole number of volumes lent out. These libraries, moreover, grant unusual facilities. For instance, at Boston the library vans go from house to house, and at Brooklyn free libraries have been established in the public parks, so that people may take out books to read in the open air.

The number so issued last year was 19,300, mainly fiction. Besides this, the publication of novels in the States is upon a much larger scale than in most countries, 200,000 copies being a common run for a fairly popular tale, whilst others run into millions. (Reply to Question 5613.)

QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING.

5641. Has any warlike nation in days gone by followed the same tactics as the Boers, and with equal or even greater success, against a power relatively as great or greater than Great Britain?

5642. Has a monarch ever acted as the public executioner?

5643. How is it that flowers appear at different times during the year, some early in spring, others not till much later on?

5644. Which is the last occasion on record when British and French troops co-operated in action?

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GENERAL NEWSENCE: "You haven't tried that cigar I gave you the other day, old man, have you?"

Colonel Madura: "No; I haven't met any one that I wanted to try it on."

CLARA: "I suppose you have heard that Charlie Bigrolle and I don't speak, haven't you?"

Maude: "Why, no. What was the trouble?"

Clara: "It was all my dressmaker's fault. She forgot to take the pins out of my waistband."

A FIRST NIGHT.—Manager: "I can give you a good seat after the first act; the newspaper critics go then."

Standee: "Don't they come back?"

Manager: "Bless you, no! They only drop in to verify their suspicions."

JACK (to his *fiancée*): "I think of getting a musical instrument, Maud. Say, perhaps, a cornet."

Maud (in dismay): "Oh, no! not *that* horrid thing."

Jack (in surprise): "And why not, dearest?"

Maud (blushing violently): "It makes the lips so hard."

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R. J. PAULL, General Manager and Secretary.

W. L. Alden's funny story, "Miss Ketchum," in the July PEARSON'S, is just the thing for holiday reading.

WHAT ARE CRICKETERS' BENEFITS WORTH?

Anything Between £200 and £2,000.

SIXTEEN years ago Alec Watson had the North v. South match at Manchester for his benefit. Fortunately the weather was all that could be desired, the game ended in a draw, and Watson netted £1,200.

The previous year Pooley had the North v. South match at the Oval, Surrey county subscribed £25 and the benefit totalled about £500.

The Sussex v. Yorkshire match the same year was given to Charlwood the old Sussex player. This benefit also realised about £500, £100 of which was generously subscribed by Lord Sheffield. His lordship put down a similar sum in the case of Lillywhite's benefit at Brighton—Gentlemen v. Players.

In 1893 Arthur Shrewsbury and Maurice Read received part of the proceeds of the gates of the Australian fixtures as a benefit. Read's share, with some subscriptions, amounted to something like £1,200.

The Surrey v. Yorkshire match in 1895, at the Oval, was set aside for Abel's benefit. Here "the glorious uncertainty" of the weather stepped in, and there was no play on the second day, owing to the wet. On the first day 15,300 persons paid for admission, and the gate realised £486 18s. 1d, which, with a subscription list of £134 3s. 6d. more, totalled £621 1s. 7d. for Abel.

In 1896 Flowers was given the Notts v. Lancashire match for his benefit. Owing to the deadly bowling of Mold, who took fifteen wickets for eighty-five runs, the match only lasted two days, and Flowers only received about £220.

W. W. Read fared much better than this. He had the Surrey v. England match in 1896, the proceeds of which went to his testimonial. It realised £829.

Twelve years previous to this W. W. Read was presented with an inscription on vellum and £250, as a recognition of his services with the Hon. Ivo Bligh's Australian team, for which he batted brilliantly. The Surrey v. Yorkshire match in 1896, when something like 33,000 people paid for admission, was made the occasion of Lohmann's benefit. There was a record subscription list also and the deadly bowler netted about £1,500, though in the match in question he only got two wickets for 45 runs, and failed to trouble the scorer when he batted.

Chatterton was given the proceeds of the Derbyshire v. Notts match, the same year, but the elements were unkind, and the benefit only totalled £300.

But Lohmann's handsome total did not touch that handed to "Bobbie" Peel, the popular Yorkshire player, in 1894. The match was Yorkshire v. Lancashire, at Bradford, and the battle of the Roses was watched by a great concourse. The ultimate result was that a sum exceeding £2,000 passed into "Bobbie's" exchequer. This amount is a contrast to the £278 realised for Ephraim Lockwood, from the Yorkshire v. Lancashire match in 1882.

Briggs received something like £1,000 from the Lancashire v. Yorkshire match earlier in 1894, and in the same year Barnes netted about £350 from the Notts v. Gentlemen of England fixture.

This was not a very handsome reward for twenty seasons' play.

In 1898 Alec Hearne, the popular Kent player, had a benefit, the gate money of which realised £615 9s. 6d., and donations were paid in to the account which brought the total up to £796 0s. 8d. In addition to this sum, donations were paid direct to Hearne.

Another Kent player, Martin, had a benefit in 1900. The gate amounted to £504, and the donations realised £169 4s. 6d., making a total of £673 4s. 6d. Martin also received sums paid direct.

Pougher, of the Leicester team, was given the Leicestershire v. Yorkshire match on June 7th, 8th, 9th, 1900. The weather played havoc with the game and the gate. During the first two days only five hours' cricket were possible. The benefit realised but £227 for Pougher.

Richardson, the Surrey bowler, had a benefit at the Oval in 1899, which was said to produce £1,200. Brockwell was given the Surrey v. Yorkshire match, on July 26th, 27th, and 28th last year, at the Oval, for his benefit, and £1,100 is stated to be the figure realised.

It is difficult in cases like Brockwell's and Richardson's to get very near the actual amount, as a considerable sum was known to be paid to them direct by several admirers.

Mold, the famous Lancastrian, did well out of his benefit last year, netting an amount something like £2,090, which, as far as we can gather, constitutes a record.

"WHEN I first knew Brown he let his money go like water."

"And now?"

"He seems to have frozen up now."

LIEUTENANT: "These Boers are leading us a pretty dance."

Captain: "H'm! But there's rather too much reversing about it to suit me."

A HINDOO POEM.

A Hindoo died—a happy thing to do
When fifty years united to a shrew.
Released, he hopefully for entrance cries
Before the gates of Brahma's paradise.
"Hast been through purgatory?" Brahma said.
"I have been married!" and he hung his head.
"Come in! come in! and welcome, too, my son.
Marriage and purgatory are as one."
In bliss extreme he entered heaven's door
And knew the bliss he never had seen before.
He scarce had entered in the garden fair,
Another Hindoo asked admission there.
The self-same question Brahma asked again,
"Hast been through purgatory?" "No. What then?"
"Thou canst not enter," did the god reply.
"He who went in there was no more than I."
"All that is true, but he has married been
And so on earth has suffered for his sin."
"Married? 'Tis well, for I've been married twice."
"Begone! We'll have no fools in paradise."

CAUGHT BY TRIFLES.

A Smile that Put on Handcuffs, and an Apple that Caught a Thief.

A MINER at Wilkesbarr once took in another miner as a lodger. One day the two men went down the pit together, but only one returned. It was the lodger. Apparently frantic with horror and grief, he reported that fire damp had overpowered and killed his friend. The body was recovered, and at the inquest a verdict of "Accidental death" was returned. However, before the funeral started from the house, the undertaker happened to see the widow chatting and smiling in a light-hearted way with the lodger. His suspicions were aroused, investigations were set on foot, and it came out that the deceased had come to his end by the wilful act of his friend. The latter confessed, and was executed—betrayed by a woman's smile.

Certain secrets have taken odd and startling ways of leaping to light. No novelist or playwright has ever conceived anything more dramatic than a scene that took place in court during the trial of Parker for the Vauxhall train-murder early in the present year. The wretched man was attached to a girl whom he had courted, believing her to be a single woman. In the witness-box, being called to testify to some of Parker's movements previous to the commission of the crime, the woman admitted being the wife of a soldier serving in South Africa. This was the first intimation that Parker had had of such a thing, and it was said that the man in the dock literally reeled under the shock of the revelation. He fiercely denounced the woman who had thus cruelly deceived him.

Small, frail, and feminine in feature, William Packer for long successfully passed as a girl, until a trifling act revealed his sex. This extraordinary youth, by means of forged characters, and a large stock of cool assurance, was wont to obtain situations as lady's-maid, and by his deftness, quickness, and modest demeanour, soon made himself a prime favourite in every household which he entered. No one suspected him to be of the male persuasion, till one night at supper a fellow servant tossed an apple into his lap. By an unconquerable instinct the boy clapped his skirt together to catch the fruit, instead of spreading it wide as a real girl would have done. A lynx-eyed housemaid perceived the slip, and Packer's little deception was ignominiously detected.

An attack of acute neuralgia once led to the arrest of a defaulting bank-cashier. The criminal had been remarkable for his luxuriant beard, and his first care on his flight was to remove that by which he was so easily recognisable. His jaws, deprived of their covering, speedily began to ache, and he called on a chemist to get something to alleviate the pain, describing the exact seat of the ill. Now it so happened that the man of drugs had suffered in precisely the same way after removing his own beard for the purpose of taking part in some amateur theatricals. He at once suspected the cause of the neuralgia, and noticing the customer's nervous, agitated manner, drew his own conclusions. These conclusions he communicated to a friend in the police, and the event was the arrest of the robber and the recovery of most of his booty.

An alleged deserter from the Navy was arrested in a very curious way. An inquest was held in London on a girl who had committed suicide by drowning. On the body was found a photograph of a sailor, and, tracing the original of it through his connection with the girl, the police arrested him on a charge of desertion. Luckily for him, however, he was able to prove that he was not the man "wanted." And the veriest trifles may prove the means of dragging to light the most jealously-guarded secrets.

DO MEN GET HUNGRY SOONER THAN WOMEN?

Ladies with Husbands will Readily Say Yes.

THERE is a trite, if somewhat vulgar saying, that the way to an Englishman's heart is through his stomach, and in a certain play one of the lady characters is made to say in reference to men, "Feed the brutes well." But does man require feeding any oftener than woman? Be that as it may, we feel bound to admit that the voice of man is more frequently raised in the demand for food than that of woman. Take him, for instance, at home. When he comes down to breakfast he expects to find breakfast there, ready to sit down to. "Is breakfast ready?" he will ask. "Nearly, dear," says the wife, "the eggs have just been put on."

The husband will probably glare at the latest war news, or take a stroll in the garden and scowl at his roses, feeling himself an ill-used individual. But his wife was up some time before him, and has done several useful little things in connection with the household, and if breakfast was another half-hour away, she would busy herself further until the maid announced it, unless the domestic showed unnecessary delay.

Follow the man into the city and you will find him about eleven o'clock looking at his watch, and hear him mutter, "Confound it, lunch-time seems a long way off. I must have a snack of something to hold me up." So he has a glass of wine or beer and a sandwich, but before twelve thirty he is making tracks for the restaurant or chop-house he most favours.

"What have you to-day?" he asks.

The waiter hands him the menu. There is one good point about a man with regard to his food, he can make up his mind more quickly than a woman as to what he will take.

"H'm," he says, meditatively, "I won't take soup. Bring me a nice piece of salmon, and I'll have lamb and green peas to follow," and he tucks his serviette under his chin and smiles.

If there is any delay, that smile dies down and he glares at the waiter as though he would like to devour him. Just when he is about to abuse the management the salmon arrives and he says to the waiter:

"Bring me a half-tankard of bitter, and don't keep me waiting for the lamb and green peas."

The second course arrives, and as the waiter deposits the juvenile mutton, he says:

"Any sweets, sir?"

"Yes. I'll have gooseberry tart and cream. *Cream* mind." He winds up with a little cheese and whatever green stuff is in season, departing eventually with a firm conviction that if he had not stuck up for himself he would have been hungry yet. Now a woman will lunch without outward and visible signs of voracity. "I'm simply dying for something to eat, dear," she will say to her friend, who agrees, "So am I."

They enter a restaurant and the waiter brings the menu. They do not ask for it. He knows he will have time to wait on at least another, before they decide what to have, and they settle on one course at a time. They order quietly, and if there is not an immediate delivery, they chat easily, or wonder how much the woman at the next table gave for her hat, mentally voting it "an awful thing." They lunch reasonably, and go on their way shopping or paying calls, but they are not groaning for supper about four in the afternoon. Our friend, the man, about that hour is wondering whether he had any lunch at all, and thinks that city restaurants are a swindle. The time for closing down the house sees him on his way to catch his train, tram, or 'bus for home. Several times on the way he is tempted to get another snack to "hold him up," but with a fine effort he determines "not to spoil his supper," and he feels proud of himself.

"What about supper?" is the first remark he is likely to make. The wife has been out all the afternoon, or busy indoors, and beyond the necessary instructions for the kitchen, her thoughts have not dwelt upon dinner until her eyes beheld her husband.

Any observation to the effect that he is always crying out for something to eat, will be resented.

"If you had to slave in the city all day as I have, with scarcely time for a bite of anything, you'd sing out for your dinner," he will say.

And when he has had his meal, he will light a pipe and feel friendly, and allow his wife to sing a ballad to soothe his nerves.

When the clock strikes the hour for retiring he will say to the sharer of his joys and sorrows—he is more generous in sharing the latter:

"Dear me, is it that time? Did I make much of a dinner? I forget!"

Yes, men do get hungry sooner than women, and they let the world know all about it.

MISTRESS: "What did the ladies say when you told them I was out?"

Maid: "Just smiled, and said, 'Friday's not always an unlucky day.'"

"The Sea Lady" is a mermaid. She swims to land, and pushes her way into good society. How, you must read in the July PEARSON'S. She is a more extraordinary creation, if possible, than was Mr. Wells's "Invisible Man."

The Most Simply Taxed Country.

OF all civilised countries the United States appears to possess the simplest method of raising its revenue. Each State levies its own taxes, but, with comparatively insignificant exceptions, there is only one tax, a direct one on real and personal property. The various States contribute their quota to the general revenue, and the rest of the national funds come from what is a simple and direct tax on foreign imports, and produces a little over a hundred and fifty million dollars against about a hundred and seventy-one millions of internal revenue.

The most simply taxed country in Europe is Servia. Nearly all taxation is direct, and the proportion of revenue raised from this source is to customs and excise as twenty to seven. Simplicity of taxation in Servia is partly explained by the fact that the revenue is largely derived from Government monopolies, which produce almost as much as the whole of the direct taxation. (Reply to Question 5605.)

Minorities Against Majority.

THERE have been several occasions in our parliamentary history in which a considerable number of members of the House of Commons have seceded in a body and left the House as a protest against the ruling of the majority. The earliest instance on record is the refusal of forty members of the Commons to wait on Richard II. to give their reasons for demanding the dismissal of the Earl of Suffolk. They refused to do it, pleading that, as the King himself had not attended the Convocation of Parliament for over forty days, they were all free to return to their constituencies. This was found to be the law, and the King yielded.

In 1738 the Tory Party agreed to leave the House in a body unless their desire for war with Spain was gratified, and sixty members did withdraw, only to come back the next session. A similar instance happened in the House of Lords in 1832. The Duke of Wellington, Prime Minister in 1830, was dead against reform. In 1832 the Commons passed the Reform Bill by a large majority, and for the second time the Lords rejected it. Much against his will, the King consented to force the measure through the Upper House by the creation of a sufficient number of new peers to overcome the Opposition. The Duke, always consistent to his opinions, protested against this by leaving the House, and was followed by a hundred peers, and so the measure passed. (Reply to Question 5606.)

Our Greatest Mistake.

MISTAKES made by the British Government have been so numerous and so disastrous in their effects that it is somewhat difficult to say which is the worst. There is no doubt that a tremendous mistake was made in the case of the American Colonies by Lord North's Government enforcing the false principle of taxation without representation; but, although this led, as is generally supposed, to the loss of the New England Colonies, subsequent history has not proved that the consequences of the mistake were very grave. Sooner or later a separation must have come about, and, even if it had not done so, the Empire might well have been rent to pieces by the tremendous struggle of the Civil War between North and South.

In 1852 the Aberdeen Ministry made a very grave mistake as to the character and ambitions of Napoleon III. which ultimately involved us in the enormously costly and absolutely unprofitable Crimean War. The Gladstone Government of 1884 made a fearful blunder in abandoning Gordon to his fate; but even this has not proved so disastrous as the mistake which the same Government made in 1881, when it refused to allow Sir Evelyn Wood to crush the rebellious Boers. Each of these mistakes has cost us a war, but the mistake of 1881 came perilously near to losing us half a continent, and its effects will be felt through at least two generations to come. (Reply to Question 5617.)

War Played Like Chess.

THE campaigns of Wellington in the Peninsula had all the characteristics of "the game of kings." From the commencement the British general utilised the Portuguese as pawns. At Grijon, in 1809, for instance, he posted a regiment of them in a pine-wood "to amuse the enemy," and a few days later he gave "check" to Soult by passing the Douro after leading the French Marshal to believe it was impossible to do so.

Still later, Wellington apparently sacrificed all he had won for the sake of leading Massena on after him to the lines of Torres Vedras, and when Junot pronounced these impregnable and ordered a retreat, Wellington harassed him with his Light Division, as a player might have done with his knights. The advance on, and retreat from Madrid furnish similar parallels to the game, and that the bishops came into play there is evidence enough to show in Wellington's own dispatches. How checkmate was given when Soult was brought to bay at Toulouse is matter of history. (Reply to Question 5608.)

The World at War.

DURING the Napoleonic period, from 1798, when Bonaparte was fighting with the Turks in Egypt, onwards to the date of Waterloo, the whole civilized world was practically at war. During these years there was not a single European nation that was not under arms. Britain was fighting the French in India, and the Americans on the high seas, as well as in Canada; China was in conflict with its subjects in Central Asia, and there were revolutions both in Chili and the Argentine against Spanish domination, besides other lesser wars elsewhere in South America.

Previous to the general peace of Utrecht in 1763 there was a period when many countries were at war. The Turks were fighting the Russians, the Poles were at war with them and with Austria, Prussia won Silesia from Russia and Austria in 1763, England was in conflict with France and Spain, and the customary chronic state of warfare between the piratical states of Northern Africa and the European nations continued all the time from 1756 onwards. (Reply to Question 5610.)

The Best Served Country.

BY feeling and training the Japanese possess so strong a sentiment of loyalty that their officials possibly serve their country with less of self-seeking than any others. The nursery catechism in Japan inculcates that the Emperor is to be loved above father and mother, and that life itself must be yielded at his bidding. The same sentiment permeates the nation.

This alone does not insure conscientiousness in Japanese officials, but it lays a sure foundation for it, and it is remarkable how assiduous Japanese officials sent to Europe on Goverment business are to get full value for their principals; forming in this respect a strong contrast to officials of other nationalities, who expect to be bribed as a matter of course. As a whole our own officials are perhaps better than any, but personal ambitions, red tapeism, and departmental traditions too often interfere with good service to the State. (Reply to Question 5619.)

When Coal was Made.

THE conditions prevailing in the Carboniferous Period, as geologists call the coal-forming age, were such as were favourable and even essential for the formation of the great coal beds which have been of such immense service to mankind. It was, briefly, a period when the land area of the northern hemisphere was covered with a rank vegetation such as we find to-day in tropical swamps; when, moreover, that area was subject to such changes of level—that vast accumulations of plant life were carried below the sea, so that strata of sandstone, limestone and shale were built up above it, compressing the masses of decaying vegetation, of whose size we can now form no idea, into our most important combustible.

Thus we see that coal must have accumulated along an unsteady sea-margin. For instance, while the more important coal-measures of Scotland and the North of England were being formed, there lay to the South an open sea, in which the thousand of animalculæ, building up their tiny frames from the mineral constituents of the sea-water, and gathering in thick layers on the bottom, formed the limestones of the same age which cover so much of the Midland counties. (Reply to Question 5620.)

Duellists who did not Kill.

THE two most famous duellists who never killed their men known to history are the Chevalier de Saint Georges, a mulatto, who was reputed to be the finest fencer in France, and in more recent time M. Georges de Labruyère, who constituted himself the champion of Mme. Seberine, editress of the *Cris du Peuple*. Both these champions of the sword fought scores of duels in which severe wounds were given and taken, but both were humane and chivalrous and never took life, as their skill would have enabled them to do.

In his duel with Lieutenant de Mellville M. Labruyère was run through the right lung and almost immediately afterwards pierced his opponent's left lung. Both had to be carried off the field, but they ultimately recovered. In this connection it may be noted that the ridicule in which certain English papers indulge in with regard to French and Italian duelling is generally quite beside the point. Every duellist takes his life in his hand and can practically kill his adversary when he chooses; but if the stroke is not made according to the laws of fence he is certain to be killed himself in doing it. This is why the drawing of blood is considered to be a satisfaction for injured honour. (Reply to Question 5611.)

Our Biggest Voting Borough.

THE greatest numbers of votes ever given to candidates in a borough election for Parliament are 15,097 and 14,752, which represent those polled by the two successful candidates in last year's election for Newcastle-on-Tyne. Newcastle has (by some 5,000) a greater electorate than any borough in England, Scotland, or Ireland, viz., 34,690.

The reason of this is that in the Redistribution Bill of 1884-5 the boroughs generally were cut up into parts of about 50,000 population each; where the population did not reach 150,000 or thereabouts the two-membered constituencies remained. Of these there are eighteen in England: viz., Bath, Blackburn, Bolton, Brighton, Derby, Devonport, Halifax, Ipswich, Leicester, Newcastle, Norwich, Oldham, Portsmouth, Plymouth, Preston, Southampton, Stockport, and Sunderland, one in Scotland (Dundee), and one in Ireland (Cork). The second largest electorate is that of Oldham, 29,253, but here the number of votes of the successful candidate only amounted to 12,947. (Reply to Question 5612.)

The Greatest Fiction Readers.

THE people of the United States appear to be the greatest readers of fiction. Several years ago they possessed 1,686 public libraries, containing 13,800,000 volumes, and from these the issues of fiction alone comprised between seventy and eighty per cent. of the whole number of volumes lent out. These libraries, moreover, grant unusual facilities. For instance, at Boston the library vans go from house to house, and at Brooklyn free libraries have been established in the public parks, so that people may take out books to read in the open air.

The number so issued last year was 19,300, mainly fiction. Besides this, the publication of novels in the States is upon a much larger scale than in most countries, 200,000 copies being a common run for a fairly popular tale, whilst others run into millions. (Reply to Question 5613.)

QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING.

5641. Has any warlike nation in days gone by followed the same tactics as the Boers, and with equal or even greater success, against a power relatively as great or greater than Great Britain?

5642. Has a monarch ever acted as the public executioner?

5643. How is it that flowers appear at different times during the year, some early in spring, others not till much later on?

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5649. In which civilised country do fashions in dress change the least often?

5650. Why is it correct to speak of "the martial lobster"?

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Maude: "Why, no. What was the trouble?"

Clara: "It was all my dressmaker's fault. She forgot to take the pins out of my waistband."

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The previous year Pooley had the North v. South match at the Oval, Surrey county subscribed £25 and the benefit totalled about £500.

The Sussex v. Yorkshire match the same year was given to Charlwood the old Sussex player. This benefit also realised about £500, £100 of which was generously subscribed by Lord Sheffield. His lordship put down a similar sum in the case of Lillywhite's benefit at Brighton—Gentlemen v. Players.

In 1893 Arthur Shrewsbury and Maurice Read received part of the proceeds of the gates of the Australian fixtures as a benefit. Read's share, with some subscriptions, amounted to something like £1,200.

The Surrey v. Yorkshire match in 1895, at the Oval, was set aside for Abel's benefit. Here "the glorious uncertainty" of the weather stepped in, and there was no play on the second day, owing to the wet. On the first day 15,300 persons paid for admission, and the gate realised £486 18s. 1d, which, with a subscription list of £134 3s. 6d. more, totalled £621 1s. 7d. for Abel.

In 1896 Flowers was given the Notts v. Lancashire match for his benefit. Owing to the deadly bowling of Mold, who took fifteen wickets for eighty-five runs, the match only lasted two days, and Flowers only received about £220.

W. W. Read fared much better than this. He had the Surrey v. England match in 1896, the proceeds of which went to his testimonial. It realised £829.

Twelve years previous to this W. W. Read was presented with an inscription on vellum and £250, as a recognition of his services with the Hon. Ivo Bligh's Australian team, for which he batted brilliantly. The Surrey v. Yorkshire match in 1896, when something like 33,000 people paid for admission, was made the occasion of Lohmann's benefit. There was a record subscription list also and the deadly bowler netted about £1,500, though in the match in question he only got two wickets for 45 runs, and failed to trouble the scorer when he batted.

Chatterton was given the proceeds of the Derbyshire v. Notts match, the same year, but the elements were unkind, and the benefit only totalled £300.

But Lohmann's handsome total did not touch that handed to "Bobbie" Peel, the popular Yorkshire player, in 1894. The match was Yorkshire v. Lancashire, at Bradford, and the battle of the Roses was watched by a great concourse. The ultimate result was that a sum exceeding £2,000 passed into "Bobbie's" exchequer. This amount is a contrast to the £278 realised for Ephraim Lockwood, from the Yorkshire v. Lancashire match in 1882.

Briggs received something like £1,000 from the Lancashire v. Yorkshire match earlier in 1894, and in the same year Barnes netted about £350 from the Notts v. Gentlemen of England fixture.

This was not a very handsome reward for twenty seasons' play.

In 1898 Alec Hearne, the popular Kent player, had a benefit, the gate money of which realised £615 9s. 6d., and donations were paid in to the account which brought the total up to £796 0s. 8d. In addition to this sum, donations were paid direct to Hearne.

Another Kent player, Martin, had a benefit in 1900. The gate amounted to £504, and the donations realised £169 4s. 6d., making a total of £673 4s. 6d. Martin also received sums paid direct.

Pougher, of the Leicester team, was given the Leicestershire v. Yorkshire match on June 7th, 8th, 9th, 1900. The weather played havoc with the game and the gate. During the first two days only five hours' cricket were possible. The benefit realised but £227 for Pougher.

Richardson, the Surrey bowler, had a benefit at the Oval in 1899, which was said to produce £1,200. Brockwell was given the Surrey v. Yorkshire match, on July 26th, 27th, and 28th last year, at the Oval, for his benefit, and £1,100 is stated to be the figure realised.

It is difficult in cases like Brockwell's and Richardson's to get very near the actual amount, as a considerable sum was known to be paid to them direct by several admirers.

Mold, the famous Lancastrian, did well out of his benefit last year, netting an amount something like £2,090, which, as far as we can gather, constitutes a record.

"WHEN I first knew Brown he let his money go like water."

"And now?"

"He seems to have frozen up now."

LIEUTENANT: "These Boers are leading us a pretty dance."

Captain: "H'm! But there's rather too much reversing about it to suit me."

A HINDOO POEM.

A Hindoo died—a happy thing to do
When fifty years united to a shrew.
Released, he hopefully for entrance cries
Before the gates of Brahma's paradise.
"Hast been through purgatory?" Brahma said.
"I have been married!" and he hung his head.
"Come in! come in! and welcome, too, my son.
Marriage and purgatory are as one."
In bliss extreme he entered heaven's door
And knew the bliss he never had seen before.
He scarce had entered in the garden fair,
Another Hindoo asked admission there.
The self-same question Brahma asked again,
"Hast been through purgatory?" "No. What then?"
"Thou canst not enter," did the god reply.
"He who went in there was no more than I."
"All that is true, but he has married been
And so on earth has suffered for his sin."
"Married? 'Tis well, for I've been married twice."
"Begone! We'll have no fools in paradise."

CAUGHT BY TRIFLES.

A Smile that Put on Handcuffs, and an Apple that Caught a Thief.

A MINER at Wilkesbarr once took in another miner as a lodger. One day the two men went down the pit together, but only one returned. It was the lodger. Apparently frantic with horror and grief, he reported that fire damp had overpowered and killed his friend. The body was recovered, and at the inquest a verdict of "Accidental death" was returned. However, before the funeral started from the house, the undertaker happened to see the widow chatting and smiling in a light-hearted way with the lodger. His suspicions were aroused, investigations were set on foot, and it came out that the deceased had come to his end by the wilful act of his friend. The latter confessed, and was executed—betrayed by a woman's smile.

Certain secrets have taken odd and startling ways of leaping to light. No novelist or playwright has ever conceived anything more dramatic than a scene that took place in court during the trial of Parker for the Vauxhall train-murder early in the present year. The wretched man was attached to a girl whom he had courted, believing her to be a single woman. In the witness-box, being called to testify to some of Parker's movements previous to the commission of the crime, the woman admitted being the wife of a soldier serving in South Africa. This was the first intimation that Parker had had of such a thing, and it was said that the man in the dock literally reeled under the shock of the revelation. He fiercely denounced the woman who had thus cruelly deceived him.

Small, frail, and feminine in feature, William Packer for long successfully passed as a girl, until a trifling act revealed his sex. This extraordinary youth, by means of forged characters, and a large stock of cool assurance, was wont to obtain situations as lady's-maid, and by his deftness, quickness, and modest demeanour, soon made himself a prime favourite in every household which he entered. No one suspected him to be of the male persuasion, till one night at supper a fellow servant tossed an apple into his lap. By an unconquerable instinct the boy clapped his skirt together to catch the fruit, instead of spreading it wide as a real girl would have done. A lynx-eyed housemaid perceived the slip, and Packer's little deception was ignominiously detected.

An attack of acute neuralgia once led to the arrest of a defaulting bank-cashier. The criminal had been remarkable for his luxuriant beard, and his first care on his flight was to remove that by which he was so easily recognisable. His jaws, deprived of their covering, speedily began to ache, and he called on a chemist to get something to alleviate the pain, describing the exact seat of the ill. Now it so happened that the man of drugs had suffered in precisely the same way after removing his own beard for the purpose of taking part in some amateur theatricals. He at once suspected the cause of the neuralgia, and noticing the customer's nervous, agitated manner, drew his own conclusions. These conclusions he communicated to a friend in the police, and the event was the arrest of the robber and the recovery of most of his booty.

An alleged deserter from the Navy was arrested in a very curious way. An inquest was held in London on a girl who had committed suicide by drowning. On the body was found a photograph of a sailor, and, tracing the original of it through his connection with the girl, the police arrested him on a charge of desertion. Luckily for him, however, he was able to prove that he was not the man "wanted." And the veriest trifles may prove the means of dragging to light the most jealously-guarded secrets.

DO MEN GET HUNGRY SOONER THAN WOMEN?

Ladies with Husbands will Readily Say Yes.

THERE is a trite, if somewhat vulgar saying, that the way to an Englishman's heart is through his stomach, and in a certain play one of the lady characters is made to say in reference to men, "Feed the brutes well." But does man require feeding any oftener than woman? Be that as it may, we feel bound to admit that the voice of man is more frequently raised in the demand for food than that of woman. Take him, for instance, at home. When he comes down to breakfast he expects to find breakfast there, ready to sit down to. "Is breakfast ready?" he will ask. "Nearly, dear," says the wife, "the eggs have just been put on."

The husband will probably glare at the latest war news, or take a stroll in the garden and scowl at his roses, feeling himself an ill-used individual. But his wife was up some time before him, and has done several useful little things in connection with the household, and if breakfast was another half-hour away, she would busy herself further until the maid announced it, unless the domestic showed unnecessary delay.

Follow the man into the city and you will find him about eleven o'clock looking at his watch, and hear him mutter, "Confound it, lunch-time seems a long way off. I must have a snack of something to hold me up." So he has a glass of wine or beer and a sandwich, but before twelve thirty he is making tracks for the restaurant or chop-house he most favours.

"What have you to-day?" he asks.

The waiter hands him the menu. There is one good point about a man with regard to his food, he can make up his mind more quickly than a woman as to what he will take.

"H'm," he says, meditatively, "I won't take soup. Bring me a nice piece of salmon, and I'll have lamb and green peas to follow," and he tucks his serviette under his chin and smiles.

If there is any delay, that smile dies down and he glares at the waiter as though he would like to devour him. Just when he is about to abuse the management the salmon arrives and he says to the waiter:

"Bring me a half-tankard of bitter, and don't keep me waiting for the lamb and green peas."

The second course arrives, and as the waiter deposits the juvenile mutton, he says:

"Any sweets, sir?"

"Yes. I'll have gooseberry tart and cream. *Cream* mind." He winds up with a little cheese and whatever green stuff is in season, departing eventually with a firm conviction that if he had not stuck up for himself he would have been hungry yet. Now a woman will lunch without outward and visible signs of voracity. "I'm simply dying for something to eat, dear," she will say to her friend, who agrees, "So am I."

They enter a restaurant and the waiter brings the menu. They do not ask for it. He knows he will have time to wait on at least another, before they decide what to have, and they settle on one course at a time. They order quietly, and if there is not an immediate delivery, they chat easily, or wonder how much the woman at the next table gave for her hat, mentally voting it "an awful thing." They lunch reasonably, and go on their way shopping or paying calls, but they are not groaning for supper about four in the afternoon. Our friend, the man, about that hour is wondering whether he had any lunch at all, and thinks that city restaurants are a swindle. The time for closing down the house sees him on his way to catch his train, tram, or 'bus for home. Several times on the way he is tempted to get another snack to "hold him up," but with a fine effort he determines "not to spoil his supper," and he feels proud of himself.

"What about supper?" is the first remark he is likely to make. The wife has been out all the afternoon, or busy indoors, and beyond the necessary instructions for the kitchen, her thoughts have not dwelt upon dinner until her eyes beheld her husband.

Any observation to the effect that he is always crying out for something to eat, will be resented.

"If you had to slave in the city all day as I have, with scarcely time for a bite of anything, you'd sing out for your dinner," he will say.

And when he has had his meal, he will light a pipe and feel friendly, and allow his wife to sing a ballad to soothe his nerves.

When the clock strikes the hour for retiring he will say to the sharer of his joys and sorrows—he is more generous in sharing the latter:

"Dear me, is it that time? Did I make much of a dinner? I forget!"

Yes, men do get hungry sooner than women, and they let the world know all about it.

MISTRESS: "What did the ladies say when you told them I was out?"

Maid: "Just smiled, and said, 'Friday's not always an unlucky day.'"

"The Sea Lady" is a mermaid. She swims to land, and pushes her way into good society. How, you must read in the July PEARSON'S. She is a more extraordinary creation, if possible, than was Mr. Wells's "Invisible Man."

DOES IT PAY TO BE AN ACTOR?

Considering all the Circumstances, We Say, "It Does Not."

AN actor in full work does not get a chance of earning money for fifty-two weeks in the year, for the theatrical season only lasts from thirty-five to forty-five weeks. More often than not, a player with a London reputation and talents well above the average, will not be able to find employment for more than three months annually. The rest of the year may be eked out with occasional appearances in town or country, while invitations to appear, unpaid, at "benefit and charity shows" will come in by every post.

Thousands of aspirants to theatrical fame consider that a position in a touring company means a pleasurable and profitable occupation. It is extremely rare that it is either one or the other. The touring actor has been described as "a packing and unpacking machine." He takes week-end jumps from one end of England to the other, and spends his leisure looking for lodgings. Another irritant is that the name of the company to which he is attached is pasted on all the railway carriage doors "for station loafers to gaze at," as an actor has put it. He is as public as a circus.

So much for the pleasures of theatrical touring life! How about the profits? Is all the discomfort, inconvenience, and hard work made worth the actor's while?

A long country tour is more certain than a London engagement, and for this reason many players prefer the travelling life. It often happens that a play will run in the country for five years. Indeed, there are plays that have been running longer than that, and yet show no signs of diminishing in favour. But they do not play all the year round, beginning usually late in May and finishing early in September. Nor is the same company invariably engaged for consecutive seasons.

Salaries paid to members of travelling companies are mostly drawn up on a cut-rate scale. Some of the better companies, composed of London artists who go into the provinces during the off season, are able to pay their actors and actresses fairly good remuneration. But the profits of the other troupes are so small that economy of the strictest kind is indispensable. The player, in this case, is always the last person to be paid.

The touring actor is expected to be contented with £2 to £3 a week, and often less. Some of his expenses will be paid for him, but by no means all of them. Railway fares come out of the manager's pocket. The player, of course, provides for his own lodging. Constant moving about entails a small but sure drain upon his resources that quickly tells up.

Music-hall performers and actors in musical plays usually make more than comedy and drama actors. In the latter £3 a week is a fair average salary. Leading men and leading ladies are paid according to the status and profits of the company, but the drop between the best paid performer and the second best is always a big one.

Stock companies with their bands of regular players are things of the past. Nowadays, even actor-managers possessing theatres of their own change their companies with every new play they produce. All our actors and actresses of note have played in every London theatre again and again.

A young actor of good appearance and address may possibly make a very promising start in his chosen career. He may get an engagement to "walk on," and for this he will be paid about £1 a week. His position now can be described as that of a "gentleman super."

There is a whole army of "gentlemen supers" in London. It consists, for the most part, of men who have long ago given up the idea of rising in the profession. Nearly all of them are no longer young, and are employed by day in various pursuits. They seek only to add to their incomes by their theatrical work in the evening. The managers know just where to find these men, and when about to produce a new play, easily select from the applicants all the supers they require.

But the earnest "walker-on" may in time be promoted to a small speaking part, and his salary be proportionately increased. Perhaps the figure will touch £4 a week eventually. But at the end of the run of the piece, the actor has to look out for a fresh engagement. Sometimes a manager will re-engage a young player for the piece to follow, but very much more often he will not. So the fresh man has to rejoin the throng of those seeking employment.

Fifteen to twenty pounds a week is not at all an uncommon salary, but the supply of even first-rate actors is enormously in excess of the demand. A few years ago there was a great cry among managers for "good actresses." But it was the finest talent they were in search of; second-rate actresses were to be had in any numbers.

It is true of every profession that "there is always room on the top." In few professions, however, is the "top" so high up or so hard to reach as in the theatrical profession. Remembering this, and what has been said above, the answer to the question must be, "No, it does not pay to be an actor!"

MIND YOUR SCARF PIN.

"I SHOULD be careful of my pin when I went into a strange shop to get a shave, sir, if I were you," remarked a barber at one of our seaside resorts to *P. W.*

In answer to the natural inquiry he continued:

"I think it ought to be made known for the benefit of barbers themselves, as well as in the interests of the public. During the summer the influx of visitors to holiday resorts of all kinds renders it necessary for us to employ extra hands; we take all possible precautions, but we may employ a skilful thief unawares. You can imagine how easy it is for such a man to ease you of a pin or other similar article.

"I speak from experience. I had a good business in a fashionable place two years ago. A customer lost a pin and he accused one of my assistants of 'lifting' it. Nothing could be proved against the man, and I took his part, mainly to preserve the reputation of my business and partly because I believed—really and truly—that the assistant was innocent. But two other complaints were made and my man absconded! The facts became known and my trade was ruined. Barbers are honest enough, but sometimes the foreign extra hand is not."

THE LAST WORD.

"THE ostrich is a queer bird," said Mr. Blykins. "There's no excuse for its behaving in the way it does. When it sees an enemy coming, it sticks its head into the sand instead of running."

"That's its nature," replied his wife.

"I know it. But, just the same, it isn't logical."

"Oh, yes, it is, dear."

"How do you make it out?"

"It's ornithological."

WHAT WILL OUR ARMY BE IN 2001?

THE change in the habits of Tommy Atkins is strikingly shown by a comparison between the writings of Napier and Lever, those of Lord Roberts and Kipling. The three-bottle man, who was never expected to be sober after two in the afternoon, has absolutely vanished from the officers' mess, and "bloody war and quick promotion" is no longer the favourite toast.

The lash has gone, the canteen has been superseded by the regimental institute, the soldier is treated as a respectable member of Society, and the greatest British Commander of the day has written of him that he is a hero and a gentleman.

The century that has passed has seen the de-brutalising of the British Army. The century that is with us will bring the higher education in practical soldiering.

A MILLION MINUTES.

THE Christian Era will soon be a thousand million minutes old. Soon, that is, comparatively speaking. It will seem to most people, perhaps, that since the Christian Era the clock ought to have been round more than seventeen million times, but as a matter of fact we shall have to wait nearly two and a half years before the first milliard of minutes is completed.

When the twentieth century dawned on the world, the number of minutes which had elapsed since the beginning of the year 1 A. D. was 998,640,000, and we shall celebrate the thousand millionth minute at the end of April, 1902. Or, if you prefer to have it so, the Anno Domini clock will tick for the sixty thousand millionth time at twenty to eleven on the morning of April 30, 1902. Look out for that tick!

"MUSIC HATH CHARMS."

THE band of a provincial battalion, during some manœuvres, had assembled in a meadow to practise a serenade, which they intended to give their Major on his birthday.

The tall tambour-major was about to give the signal to commence, when his attention was diverted by a little boy, who was being chased by a young bull. Too far away to attempt to stop the bull in his pursuit of the lad, who was screaming at the top of his voice, the musicians were horrified to see the distance between the pursuer and pursued gradually diminishing, when just as the bull was about to run its horns into the little fellow, the tambour-major cried out:

"Off!"

The band struck up, and the bull stood as if rooted to the spot at the unusual sound. A fresh burst of the brass instruments, and the creature rushed off wildly in the direction of the nearest village, glancing back occasionally at the musicians, and roaring as if in mortal agony. The boy's life was thus saved by the presence of mind of the bandmaster, who was warmly thanked by the parents.

WORDS THAT WE SWALLOW!

They Are Just on the Tip of the Tongue, Yet We Cannot Give Utterance to Them.

EVERYBODY knows what it is to have a word on the tip of the tongue and yet not be able to speak it. The word is known perfectly well, and yet we cannot for the life of us give it utterance. More often than not it is a common word in everyday use. But it will not be spoken when wanted! What is the secret of this "word-forgetfulness?"

Doctors call it "aphasia." They cannot explain it, but say it is a little hitch in the working of the brain or intellect. The Chinese, who have done so many quaint and clever things, recognised the difficulty thousands of years ago, and invented a very ingenious way of making the best of things.

They manufactured a number of words and sentences that meant absolutely nothing, mere sound without sense. When a Chinaman, in the course of conversation, comes to a word that he has on the tip of his tongue but cannot speak, he just makes use of the meaningless phrases invented for that purpose, until he recalls the word he wants and goes on with the conversation.

The trick, for trick it is, is much in use in public speaking; and certainly is an improvement on the "er—er—ers," coughings, and throat-clearings that so plentifully besprinkle our own after-dinner orations. The speaker preserves his dignity, and gives himself time for thought.

Very often, the greater the desire to speak the missing word the greater the difficulty or sheer impossibility. The man in the Arabian story could not remember the words "open sesame," although he was in danger of his life. There are many cases on record of soldiers, even officers, forgetting the pass word, and being shot down by their own sentries. At the critical moment the all-important word, that they thought they knew as well as their own names, escapes them. They struggle to recall it, but the very effort makes it more difficult, and they pay with their lives.

A man may sometimes be tortured and yet be unable to speak the word he most desires to utter. Spies have been captured, and have gone to their death in silence—not because they have not been eager to betray their comrades, but because, under the stress and excitement of the situation, they have totally forgotten the information they would convey! A celebrated case of this kind was made the subject of a play produced in London some years ago, and called *A Question of Memory*.

No doubt every reader will be able to recall instances in which he has suffered from this "word-forgetfulness." One can often remember the initial letter of the word, but not the word itself. It is still on the tip of the tongue, even after one has given up the struggle to recollect it.

Actors sometimes forget a word or two in their parts that no effort of their own can give back to them at the moment. But the wings reached, and the strain removed, they are again immediately word-perfect, and at a loss to explain their forgetfulness. A whole part is sometimes forgotten. This usually happens after a very long run. During the run of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, Mrs. Patrick Campbell one night found herself on the stage as innocent of any knowledge of her part as any member of the audience. She made desperate efforts to "find herself," but it was no good. That performance she had to read the part through from beginning to end.

Names of people are the words that slip our memories most frequently. We see a face we know, and yet we cannot fit a name to it. We are shaken by the hand, or slapped on the back, and all the while we are hard at work trying to think of the name of the person who is doing it. Kings are credited with Royal memories, and it is rare to find a Sovereign who has not a wonderful memory for faces. But he usually has someone at his elbow who can jog his memory for names.

It is not always safe to fish for a name wanted. When Ellen Terry and Henry Irving were in America one year, they met a gentleman who they knew had reason to expect that they could remember his name. But this they failed to do. So Miss Terry approached him and said: "Sir Henry and I cannot agree as to the exact spelling of your name. Will you, please, put us right?" "Certainly," was the reply, "it is J-o-n-e-s!"

"Aphasia" is divided by those who have studied the subject into "word-blindness" and "word-deafness." A man who is "word-blind" may be able to pronounce the names of letters but cannot understand the meanings of the words they form. A man who is "word-deaf" can understand ordinary sounds and music but cannot understand spoken words. His speech is often mere, senseless jargon.

But the passing forgetfulness of a word has little to do with these more serious forms of the complaint. We swallow words under the influence of excitement or more often of fatigue. People getting better from a serious illness are tormented by the loss of common words. This is particularly the case after influenza. One of our leading statesmen, after an attack of this malady, suddenly lost the thread of his speech in the midst of a public discourse.

"Word-forgetfulness" is, however, mainly the result of careless observation or of want of training. What we never knew well, we very easily forget. An experienced police-detective never forgets a face or name.

You must read "Zoë." Zoë is the heroine of Max Pemberton's latest series of short stories, beginning in the July PEARSON'S.

How Some Seaside Resorts Angle for Visitors.

IF you want a disease commonly called "the hump," but known to medical science as "mental depression," go to one of the most popular sea-side resorts in winter-time, parade the lonely streets and front; if you want to see an army of distressed and martyred tradespeople, go shopping in the same town and ask them "how is business?"; if you like ladies of all sizes, ages and descriptions hanging round your neck sobbing hysterically with joy, go lodging hunting in the same town in the dreary deserted days of winter.

The seaside resort in summer is very different in winter. Why, how many such places are there that could pay their district expenses, such as street-lighting, scavenging, etc., but for the happy, hilarious, high-souled holiday-maker! And there is nothing more interesting than to watch the temper of a seaside resort at the approach of spring. The whole town enters into a conspiracy to draw visitors in, no possible attraction is missed, no conceivable recommendation of the place as a healthy and happy resort for man, woman, and child is lost sight of.

Perhaps, all through the winter, the Town Council and the tradesmen have been hotly discussing the complete failure of an expensive drainage scheme, almost coming to blows over the subject. But with the first whisper of spring all such petty sorrows and trials are relegated to the back of the town's mind, and

A KEEN COMPETITION

begins, to see who can say the most complimentary things about the self-same drainage scheme, which "is found to work wonderfully, rendering this the most perfectly sanitary town on that coast," and an effort is made to construe the statement into an interesting little news-item for as many newspapers all over the country as will publish it.

The death-rate of the town is watched anxiously, and the instant it runs low is pounced upon and the salubrious state of the town declared to all mankind. The possibility of an epidemic never disturbs the town's composure in the late autumn or winter, but in the spring or summer the same possibility is awful; and it is noticeable that such misfortunes generally occur when they can least affect the influx of visitors, and that they invariably render the place more salubrious than before—doubtless by using up the local supply of germs.

In most seaside resorts of importance there are committees specially appointed to attend to the advertising of the town's attractions and to generally make the best of everything. And very hard they work, do these committees.

Quite apart from the alluring posters, now such familiar sights in summer time, which cost a deal of money, these advertising committees have scores of means of drawing attention to their towns. They are constantly on the look out for

ANY LOCAL OCCURRENCES

which, if properly engineered, will get the name of the resorts into the newspapers, without reflecting upon the credit or salubrious character of their towns. Often, indeed, in the early days of summer one reads that a scheme is on foot to build an extensive convalescent home at Puddlesea on account of the marvellous health-giving properties of the air there, and not a few of these schemes have been abortive because they never existed outside the minds of the astute advertising committee. You see an announcement of this kind can easily be worked upon the Press, and as it suggests that Puddlesea is an ideal health resort, it is an excellent advertisement.

We have known "stormy meetings of town councils" to be arranged purposely to draw public attention to the fact that a band was being engaged for the season at great expense, or that the esplanade was to be widened and supplied with extra seating accommodation. These "stormy meetings" are snapped at by the newspapers, and are so easy to work up. A member of the council protests against "the outrageous extravagance of engaging so large and expensive a band." The ball is set rolling at once. He is figuratively pounced upon as a near-sighted idiot with a conservative tendency to obstruct every measure suggested for the benefit of the summer visitors; and words fly freely. The chairman seizes the opportunity to enlarge upon the thousand and one attractions which have been, are being, and will be arranged to make the resort an ideal resting-place for people of the weary working world. Immediately after the meeting a terse report of the "stormy meeting" is sent up to he different news-agencies, and the thing is done.

Early one season the mayor of a popular sea-side town wrote to the Press denying in the most emphatic manner that there had been a scarlet-fever epidemic in his town, and quoting the medical-officer's report to prove that the health of the town had never been better, the death-rate never so low, and that not a single case of scarlet-fever had been reported during the previous three months. All very pleasing and satisfactory, and calculated to "draw" well. But the report of the epidemic had only been invented by the mayor for the purpose of denial, and had certainly never found its way into any section of the Press. Had a report got about at the end of a season that vast fires had ravaged the town, of which no more than a heap of ashes remained, the worthy mayor would scarcely have troubled to suggest the report was exaggerated.

ARE SHEEP DETERIORATING?

WHAT has recently happened to sheep? Have they become deformed, or are they ill fed and badly treated? If not, why are we furnished nowadays with such extraordinary chops?

Formerly a chop was a chop, and you obtained a good return for your money. All chops were mostly of the same pattern, and you were sure of a good allowance of wholesome meat.

Now, when you order a chop, you never know in what form it will present itself. It generally appears as a wrong-headed combination of bone, gristle, and fat, from which you are able to extract but the smallest portion of anything edible. Such experience is general, and not confined exclusively to restaurants.

The same falling-off has been noticed in the best clubs and the most well-ordered private houses, and one is led to the conclusion that the evil is due to the general deterioration of sheep.

SHE DID SO.

"ALWAYS," said papa, as he drank his coffee and enjoyed his morning beefsteak, "always, children, change the subject when anything unpleasant has been said. It is both wise and polite."

That evening, on his return from business, he found several of his flower beds despoiled, and the tiny imprint of slippered feet silently bearing witness to the small thief.

"Mabel," he said to her, "did you pick my flowers?"

"Papa," said Mabel, "did you see a monkey in the city to-day? We had a——"

"Never mind that. Did you pick my flowers, Mabel?"

"Papa, what did grandma send me?"

"Mabel, what do you mean? Did you pick my flowers Answer me, yes or no."

"Yes, papa, I did; but I thought I would change the subject."

HE NEVER FOUND IT OUT.

"WHAT a charming gown that is!" cried the young woman with the picture hat. "I only wish I had one like it, but I could never afford it."

"Neither could I, my dear, if I hadn't lost my pocket-book."

"Good gracious, prosperity has affected your mind! I don't see how."

"Well, you see, Albert gave me the money to buy a gown. I told him it was not half enough, but he protested it was every cent he could afford. I cried for two days about it, and, as he didn't give in then, I concluded he was really telling the truth, so I started out to do the best I could. I went to every draper's shop in the town, and never worked so hard in my life, but I couldn't find what I wanted at the price. Finally, in despair, I decided to take the first piece I had looked at, and, oh, Laura, imagine my horror to find when the clerk had cut off that pattern that I had lost my pocket-book!"

"How perfectly awful!"

"Wasn't it? I thought I should die. I knew I would have to tell Albert all about it some time, so I rushed round to his office to tell him in the presence of strangers, when he could not say anything dreadful. I wept, and accused myself of carelessness, when he said he would advertise, for I couldn't remember when I had it last, or how much money there was in it. His partner was there, and he seemed to feel so sorry for me—he's an old bachelor—that Albert didn't scold much, and actually gave me the money the second time."

"And you went and got the gown?"

"Well, no; I had changed my mind about that piece of goods—it had such a cheap look; so I just went home to think it over."

"But you never got that gown cheap?"

"No, I didn't. The fact is, I found my pocket-book on the hall table, where I had left it when I took out my car fare to put in my glove. I am so careful of money that I don't like to display much in the cars."

"And what did Albert say when he found it out?"

"He would have said a great deal if he had found it out, but he never did. I know he'd scold me for carelessness if I told him, so I just kept all the money and bought my gown. I'm so glad you like it, dear."

CRICKET BALLS THAT CANNOT BE BOUGHT.

IT is an unwritten law that the man who last touches the ball in a cricket match can claim the same. It does not necessarily follow that the ball has on each occasion any worth outside its ordinary market value, but there have been occasions when money could not buy the cricket ball used in a match.

At Kennington Oval, on August 12th, 1896, a match was concluded between England and Australia which gave England the rubber on the season's International games. At the match in question, the conclusion was brought about by Abel, who caught McKibbin, and held the ball in more senses than one. Abel was offered £10 for this ball, which was nearly the value of half its weight in gold.

"Handled ball—18," is somewhat of a novelty to appear on a scoring sheet in good class cricket, and it was a desire to possess the ball as the last handler of the same, which induced Scotton thus to dismiss himself. The match was Non-smokers *v.* Smokers at Melbourne in 1887, when the former put together 803 runs, which at that time constituted a record for first-class cricket. At the close of the match Scotton and Boyle were at the wickets. Scotton received the last ball, stroked it gently, picked up the ball, and was given out, "Handled ball—18." But he had handled the ball for its possession.

A cricket ball that could not be bought was the one used in the 'Varsity match in 1870, when Cambridge won by two runs. The hero of this exciting finale was Mr. Cobden, who took the last three Oxford wickets with the last three balls of his over.

Mr. T. W. Garrett, the Australian bowler, was the recipient of a handsome silver vase from the New South Wales Team. The vase bore the following inscription: "Thirty-first Match, New South Wales v. Victoria. To their esteemed friend and captain, T. W. Garrett, Esq., from the New South Wales Team, Christmas, 1896." In the centre of this vase was placed the ball which had been used in the last innings of the thirty-first match alluded to in the inscription.

At the Vine Club at Sevenoaks, according to Mr. Andrew Lang, there is a snuff-box in use (more than a hundred years old) which is made of silver and of the shape of a cricket ball. It is marked with seams in a similar manner to the cricket balls of to-day. In the old days this snuff-box was filled and thrown from hand to hand after dinner. Failure to bring off the catch proved somewhat expensive, for the penalty was so many bottles of claret.

Another cricket ball which money cannot buy is the property of a wealthy tradesman in Melbourne. It is in a glass case, mounted on ebony, and given a place of honour in the drawing-room. To all appearances it is merely a cricket ball that has not been used, but it has a history. Thirty-five years or so ago, this gentleman left the mother country for Australia. He had been associated with a cricket club for years, and the members thereof made him a unique present in the shape of a specially made cricket ball containing two ten-pound notes.

When acknowledging the gift, the recipient assured those present that he would not open the ball unless reduced to his last cent. He paid his passage money, and faced the new world with just £5 and his presentation cricket ball. Fortunately, when he got to Melbourne, he pretty soon got an engagement, and the necessity for opening his cricket ball has never arisen. There it stands in his drawing-room, a source of pride, satisfaction, and kindly remembrance of his old cricketing comrades. Its intrinsic worth is a little more than £20—but money wouldn't buy it.

CAPTAIN: "My man, I wouldn't ship on this voyage if I were you."

Sailor: "Why not? Ain't I all right?"

Captain: "Yes, but you are too fat."

Sailor: "What if I am? I can handle a rope as well as a thin man."

Captain: "Yes, yes, but we are bound for the Cannibal Islands."

ARE YOU TRULY RURAL?
IF NOT, WHY NOT BECOME SO
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Should We Send Our Girls to Town?

Study this Article Thoroughly Before You Make Your Daughter a Typine.

This is a very wide-reaching question, the final answer to which has yet to be found. But though the path to it lies over the corns of countless people, it would be criminal to burke discussion on that account.

If harm is being perpetrated, it is the province of every public-spirited journal to reveal it. If, on the contrary, the vast influx of female labour into our city offices makes for good, it is high time that the many conflicting ideas upon the subject were harmonised and set at rest.

In the lines which follow, we shall endeavour to weigh the pros and cons of the case as impartially as possible, leaving the final verdict in the hands of those most interested—the present generation of lady clerks elect, their parents and their guardians.

At the outset it is well to remember how we obtained the lady clerk. She is the outcome of several widely separated causes. Fifty years ago, in our grandparents' time, she did not exist. To-day she is everywhere. Why is it?

Condensed, the answer is briefly—railways, free education, competition, telegraphs, shorthand, and typewriting. Railways were the prime factor in unsettling our country folk and sending them flocking after the delusive luxuries of the town. Free education gave the girls of the working classes the same facilities for earning a living as those of the middle and upper-middle classes.

The cutting of profits, brought about by the influx of country competitors, set employers thinking how to cut down their working expenses. The telegraph companies, and their ultimate absorber the Post Office, first cut the Gordian knot by employing female operators. Finally came

SHORTHAND AND THE TYPEWRITER,

the effect of which is familiar to everybody.

To-day, whether for good or for ill, the lady clerk is with us. Her numbers are increasing steadily, day by day. She comes from all quarters of the kingdom. Far away in our North and West country villages the girl in her teens reads the tempting advertisement, which shows her how, for an inclusive fee of a few guineas, she can gain sufficient knowledge of shorthand and typewriting to qualify for a situation worth from 20s. to 40s. a week.

To her simple mind, this is a fabulous sum. In her own part of the world the highest paid female labour is that of the domestic servant, who, in some of the larger country houses, occasionally reaches 10s. a week and tips. She hesitates no longer, but comes to London where, after a certain amount of grind, she gets employment.

Then the disillusionment begins. She finds that the promised 40s. a week is only paid to typists knowing two or three languages. Her own salary probably commences at 15s. with a yearly rise of half-a-crown a week to a maximum of 25s. Then, too, she becomes painfully aware that the sum which seemed so palatial in the far Devon village, where three shillings a week will rent a six-roomed cottage with a garden, and living expenses are in proportion, is but a

STARVATION WAGE IN LONDON.

As a matter of fact, no decent landlady will board and lodge her for less than fifteen shillings a week; and then there are dinners, dress, travelling and the thousand and one other items incidental to town life.

The natural consequence is that she has to live in a poor neighbourhood, with, if possible, some kindred spirit.

In order to keep her place, she is forced to dress decently. Therefore the pinch must come in her food and in the cheapness of her "diggings." The influence upon her mental and physical well being is most prejudicial.

Possibly, however, she has been more favoured of fortune, and can live at home, or with friends in the healthier suburbs.

How does she fare then? Suppose she spends a shilling a day for dinner, 4d. for travelling, and 2s. 6d. a week on clothing, boots, &c., she will have exactly 4s. 6d. a week with which to pay for her board and lodging and all other necessaries. She is far worse off than the domestic, with her 8s. a week and free board and lodging.

Then, as to the nature of the employment. City offices work from 9 to 6, although in many cases the latter may be regarded only as the earliest hour for leaving.

The typine usually undertakes the correspondence, which must be answered on the day of receipt. She is constantly pitted against time, a task which, added to the ceaseless clatter of the typewriter, has a most irritating effect upon the nerves.

A few years typing frequently reduces the healthiest girl to a neuralgic and anæmic bundle of nerves, and seriously unfits her for subsequent motherhood. If she eventually marries, the chances of her children being healthy bodied little Britons are all too remote.

On the other hand, she may have an exceptionally strong constitution, and "take to the life." In that case, farewell for ever to her usefulness in the home. She rapidly develops into the antithesis of the girl who knows how to make home attractive.

In either case, the life offers only one redeeming feature to the future mothers of the race. Only the woman who has herself stood the rush and drive of City work can appreciate and sympathise with the work-worn man, by whose constant toil she is enabled to successfully discharge such unromantic items as her butcher's and baker's bills.

"Ah!" you say. "It is easy to growl, but hard to go one better. Our daughters cannot all be fine ladies. How do you propose to overcome the difficulty?"

Is not the remedy fast coming to hand? Look around. Thanks to their School Board education, the classes whence we formerly drew the domestic servant are now rushing into these very City billets, for which their hardier constitutions emphatically fit them. Mistresses can scarcely obtain them for love or money. Why should not we pay the middle class girl a decent salary to come to the help of despairing

MISTRESSES OF HOUSEHOLDS?

"It is more expensive," you say. Not a bit. As the competition in the City reduces the typist's wages more and more—remember, they have already dropped from 30s. to 20s. a week in the last few years—there will be an office saving which can well be devoted to home expenses.

Why should it not be done? Why not strain a point, offer her £26 a year (10s. a week), and see if you cannot get the right class of girl? There will, of course, be a radical alteration in the relations between mistress and "maid"; but is not that fast coming as it is? It is certainly better to be upon a social equality with a lady help you can trust out of your sight, than to be forced every minute of the day to keep in her place the illiterate young person who at present lords it so absolutely over your domestic peace.

It will be good, too, for the girls themselves. Of late years, far too many have come to consider domestic work infinitely beneath the dignity of a lady who takes her midday coffee, roll and butter in the same bun shop as her elder brother. This tendency does not make for happiness in the home, when Miss Typine settles down to the unfamiliar and uncongenial task of preparing Edwin's breakfast rasher.

For years past, the cry of "back to the land" has been the watchword of despairing agriculturists. Is it not high time that our middle class daughters raised the equally significant cry of "back to our homes"?

COULDN'T TELL THE DIFFERENCE.

"Give me a ham sandwich," shouted the traveller at the bar of the refreshment room. Two seconds later he complained to the attendant, "That was the worst sandwich I ever had. No more taste than sawdust, and not big enough to see."

"You've et yer ticket," returned the attendant contemptuously, "this here's yer ham san'wich."

THEY ALL KNEW HIM.

Every American feels as proud of his native State as an European is of his native country. One that hailed from Ohio, and wanted all the world to know of it, lately arrived at Yokohama and put up at a large hotel there. Now it happens that the Japanese word for "good morning" is "o hayo" (lit. "honourably early").

Next day the servant who comes to his room, bowing low, says, "O hayo."

The globe-trotter, blushing slightly, replies:

"However did you find out I came from there."

Later on comes down to breakfast.

"O hayo," says the hall-porter, bowing as is the custom of Oriental servants.

"What a respect they all have for Ohio!" exclaims our hero, entering the breakfast room, whereupon a dusky waiter rushes at him with a bill of fare and bowing low calls out "O hayo."

The American, on recovery from his fit of amazement, blurts out:

"Waal, I've been just one night in this forsaken country, and its garn all round the location—a man from Ohio's stoppin' hecar."

WHY SHOULDN'T YOU WIN IT?

The Editor is in want of really good *original* anecdotes, and is willing to give contributors fair return for contributing them.

By original we do not mean simply reading an anecdote, and then writing it out in a different manner, and still retaining the same idea; the story must be original in every detail.

Each week the best dozen or so will be published, and the sender of each will receive a prize in the shape of a stereoscope or pencil-case, whichever may be chosen. Competitors are requested to state on their attempts the prize they would prefer. In addition to this, the sender of the best story published during July will receive a cheque for £5.

All stories must arrive on postcards addressed to the "Little Story Editor," Pearson's Weekly, 17 and 18 Henrietta Street, Strand, London, W.C.

BOOKING-OFFICES FOR WOMEN.

Should They be Separate from Those for Men?

Separate booking-offices for women would be a boon and a blessing to the business man who must catch his trains. Woman at the booking-office has been a fruitful source of inspiration for the comic-paper man, and, indeed, the humorous side of this question cannot be ignored, but at the same time there is a serious side.

Many a train has been missed, and opportunities of doing business lost, owing to the vagaries of the gentler sex at the booking-office. Woman rises superior to time-tables and all the ordinary sources of information. She wants all information right up to date, officially confirmed and endorsed by every railway official she encounters.

Above, or near to, each window as a rule is a board upon which are painted in large letters the names of stations to which tickets are issued from that particular window; but the lady traveller doesn't believe the board. She goes to the window, and asks if she can get there a ticket for Riddleton-in-the-Slush.

The booking-clerk says "No." She must go over the way. Which way? She goes over the way and, pushing her way in before a string of people who had been patiently waiting some time, asks for her ticket. How much is it? Twelve and sixpence? She had understood it was only nine and eleven. Then she opens her purse and begins to fish for the necessary coins. The purse is stuffed with drapers' counter bills and receipts, and little slips of paper containing recipes for cakes given her by various friends.

There is a sovereign somewhere among this debris, and after considerable delay it is found. She counts her change carefully two or three times, finds it first wrong and then right, and finally puts the ticket and the change deliberately into the purse. And so it goes on.

Sometimes the consequences are serious to the passenger left behind. Only quite recently there was an incident at King's Cross. A lady had possession of the ticket window at 1.26 p.m., and the train for the North departs at 1.30 prompt. Behind her was a gentleman on business bent, who remarked to another gentleman that it was worth £50 to him to catch the train. But he just got left, owing to the exasperating conduct of the lady who mistook the clerk for a railway encyclopædia.

There seems to be no redress for this real grievance but a separate booking-office for ladies only. There they could prattle away while the trains went off with people who had business to do; and after they had been left high and dry on the platform a few times, they would probably develop sufficient common-sense to inform themselves with regard to their train either before they get a ticket or after.

But for a woman to monopolise the ticket window, asking a series of questions, most of which are silly in the extreme, is monstrous; and, in the interests of the travelling public who want to get on, such a state of things should not be allowed.

Separate booking offices for women would help them to catch their trains, for a woman could not tantalise her own sex without retaliation, which of course a gentleman could not indulge in. A string of silent, but inwardly boiling males, does not suggest danger, but if woman had to follow woman at the ticket window, she would not have time to bring down the booking clerk's grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.

Another reason in support of this suggested change is, that it must be admitted the men who require tickets are not always nice men, and respectable women would be more comfortable with these gentry at a distance.

Further, apart from business, there are many to whom, for family and other reasons, delay is a serious matter, and mere man is entitled to be relieved of the wear upon his nerves occasioned by woman at the booking-office.

"How happy the Dabney-Joneses look this evening. It must be their wedding anniversary."

"No; they've got their old cook back."

"If I were to ask you to marry me, what would you say?"

"Why, Mr. Brownby," she faltered, "really this is so sudden."

"I thought so," he answered, "that's about what they all say. Much obliged." And then he said it was time for him to go.

Mme. Parvenu: "Can I get you and your orchestra to play at my soirée next Thursday night?"

Orchestra Leader: "Certainly."

Mme. Parvenu: "Well, you may consider yourself engaged. But I want to make arrangements to hire you by the piece, do you understand? The last time I engaged you by the hour, and your men took advantage of it and played slow, soft things most of the time."

"Kimatology"—what is it? It is a new science, of absorbing interest, expounded for the first time in the July number of PEARSON'S MAGAZINE. Don't be afraid of its name—it is really delightful.

Who killed James Trent?

CHAPTER XLVI.

The Dropped Letter.

DARLINGTON read all about it in the papers with a certain cynical ill-humour. The evening sheets were full of this new phase in the astounding Trent-Newth mystery which seemed to offer new surprises at every turn. All the same, the root of the problem stood unsolved, for nobody had the slightest idea how James Trent had come to his death and who had inflicted the fatal blow.

Well, so much was certain to come out. Valois had given the hint, and so far as any successful raid on the Trent millions was concerned the woman who had called herself Zara was out of court. All London knew now that this Zara was dead and buried and that her sister Cara had endeavoured to personate her. That marriage certificate from somewhere near Naples was worthless now, for Zara was dead and Ethel Trent had come into her own again.

Darlington reviled himself fervently as he thought it all over. What a fool he had been not to see that he was dealing with an impostor. And he had known both these women, too. If he had only had the sense to stick to Ethel Trent his present position would be a splendid one. As it was his position was more than precarious.

He was prepared for flight at any time. He had the money ready, but he could not leave London whilst any chance still remained. Perhaps the enemy would not proceed openly against him, but to clear Jasper Carr's fair fame they must do so.

Well, they might take him before magistrates on a charge of fraud and conspiracy and he would get bail as a matter of course. If the case looked black he could fly to the Continent. If he went now he would be no better off and he might live comfortably for the next few days at the expense of his many and long-suffering creditors. The door was open to him so long as he chose to escape. It was a pity to close that door for the present.

He took up the evening paper again, anything to be rid of his own troubled thoughts. Perhaps he would find something of interest that did not touch upon the Trent business. No, here it was again in an indirect fashion.

"Up to the time of going to press no trace had been found of the two criminals who escaped from Morstal Gaol a day or two ago. Nothing had been seen of them in the neighbourhood and there were no signs of housebreaking in search of food and clothes such as usually follows the prison-breaking of convicts. Beyond the fact that the second prisoner is the notorious Jasper Carr no further information has leaked out."

Darlington allowed the paper to drop to the floor. Here was a strange thing indeed. It seemed impossible to get away from that Trent-Newth business. There was something almost uncanny in the idea of Carr and Guiseppe escaping together.

So his two arch enemies were at large and one of them was thirsting for his blood. That Guiseppe would seek him out and murder him deliberately he did not doubt for a moment. Carma had quite convinced him on that score. And Guiseppe had friends. Unless friends were lurking around ready to supply him with food and money he could never have vanished so completely. And why had Carr acted in this reckless fashion? Had Guiseppe told him anything?

Well, that was not at all unlikely. Perhaps they had both escaped to London; perhaps Guiseppe, carefully disguised, was looking for him at this moment. The bare idea caused Darlington to sicken and shiver. He started violently as the door opened, but there was no cause for fear. It was only Carma with a pale, expressionless face who stood before him.

"What—what are you doing here?" he stammered.

"I am not going to bore you with my company," the girl said dully, "nor am I here for the sweetness and pleasure of your company. You have read yonder paper?"

She indicated the EVENING PLANET with a gesture, and Darlington nodded.

"Then of course I need not explain," Carma went on. "Zara, or to call her by her own name, Cara, has flown. It is only a woman of her marvellous nerve who would have stayed so long. After her extraordinary weakness with Valois, detection was certain. And by the greatest of good luck those people managed to get hold of Dr. Webster. Well, it is all over now."

"All over with the lot of us," Darlington said moodily.

"I am afraid that is so," Carma replied. "And Guiseppe is free, too!"

Her eyes gleamed wildly for a moment and then she smiled.

"But I did not come here to discuss Guiseppe," she went on. "He will be able to look after himself—when the time comes. I am here because I have just had a cypher telegram from Cara at Dover. She tells me that she foresaw this and placed a portmanteau in your possession. It contains old papers that may or will be destroyed now. Can I have them at any time?"

"You can take them away with the greatest pleasure."

"Then to-morrow or the next day, perhaps? On the whole it would be safer perhaps to burn them. If you are out some afternoon I should like to come here and do so."

Darlington indicated that he had no objection to the course. As Carma bent down ostensibly to tie up her shoe she dropped a letter on the floor. There was a queer smile on her face, a wild gleam in her eyes.

"I fancy there is nothing more," she said. "You have seen nothing of Guiseppe?"

"I am not likely to see anything of the fellow."

Carma laughed strangely as she buttoned up her jacket and crossed over towards the door.

"Are you not?" she said. "Do not delude yourself in that fashion. If Guiseppe were near you now, and he could creep and kill you with the sure knowledge of detection and punishment to follow, he would not hesitate for one single moment. Good night, Lord Darlington, and pleasant dreams."

As the girl passed out Darlington lighted a cigarette with a careless air. All the same, the carelessness was assumed for his hand was shaking like a leaf. With something like a sneer of contempt for his own cowardice, he crossed over and locked the door. As he returned to his chair he saw the letter that Carma had dropped lying on the floor. He picked it up languidly and proceeded to open it.

"Ah," he said, "from Guiseppe to the little Carma. I must read this."

DEAREST AND BEST OF GIRLS,—

As I told you it would be, so it is. I am free. I found the clothes and the money and the disguises where you placed them; also the other disguises. As I prophesied, I could not get away without assistance, hence my request for another suit of clothes. For the present we are quite safe. Our wanderings about England stand me in good stead now. Unfortunately I have sprained my ankle and am laid here by the leg in the little cottage by the wood behind Sir James Sitwell's place, Manor Park. I shall be here for a day or two and then come to London to kiss your hand—and other things. There is a wolf to be killed. Let that wolf beware.

GUISEPPE.

Oh, yes, Carma had dropped this letter by accident. What luck it was! He only had to address it to Scotland Yard and in a few hours Guiseppe would be behind his bars again—also Carr. But there was fun and sport in this thing. Darlington wanted distraction from his too moody thoughts. He would go down to Maidstone and see to this thing himself. He could put the local police on the track, and have the pleasure of seeing a man-hunt to a successful conclusion.

He looked at his watch. It was still fairly early. He could get away to-night and put up at the Dolphin Hotel at Maidstone. At any rate Guiseppe had no terrors for him at present. He pitched a few things into a bag and called for a hansom. A little later and he was standing in the ticket office at Victoria Station asking for a ticket for Maidstone. As he turned away the glare of light fell upon his white face. What a cruel, vengeful face it was, at least so someone who was watching him seemed to imagine.

The watcher had heard the ticket asked for, had seen Darlington pass the barriers, and then she had turned away with a quick gasp of triumph and a pair of blazing eyes. It was Carma. She looked like one whose patience has been rewarded.

"So the mouse has tasted the cheese," she muttered. "He goes to hunt Guiseppe down, and he goes to his death instead. And I loved him, I loved him! Well, love or hate, passion or anger, it is too late to stem the tide now."

CHAPTER XLVII.

More Light on the Scene.

JASPER CARR lay perfectly still for a moment, his eyes fixed on the bare plaster overhead. He had felt pretty weak and languid a minute or two ago, now he could feel the hot blood surging through his brain. Was this man going to give him the key to the golden gate?

Remember, Carr knew nothing of what was transpiring outside. He had not the remotest idea that Clayton Cardwell and his friends were almost ready to proclaim his innocence. The mere fact that he had stumbled upon somebody ready to do it here of all places in the world was amazing. The prison doctor passing along checked inquiry for a moment.

"Temperature slightly up," muttered the official, "yet you look better. Quite a colour."

Carr remarked that but for a slight weakness he never felt better in his life. To his great relief the doctor passed on. Carr stole a glance at Guiseppe Lee, who seemed half-asleep.

"Tell me more," he whispered fiercely. "Tell me more at once."

"Presently, good friend," came the thin whisper from Guiseppe's lips, "presently. You are an honourable man and I am going to trust you. But you will make me a promise first?"

Anything, anything if you will only show me the way out of this."

"*A la bonne heure*," Guiseppe said gaily. "And all in good time. *Parbleu*, I will show you the way out of this. I will show myself out also. That is my idea. I am going to escape. But to do that I must have assistance. You are going to assist me, and if you like to come along, why sweet liberty lies before you. Is it a bargain?"

Carr hesitated for a moment. Guiseppe was asking him to do a wrong thing. On the other hand he was presenting a terrible temptation. This nomad was actually offering him an explanation of the mystery of those stolen bills at a price that seemed irresistible. Carr at any rate was not proof against the temptation.

"Show me the way to clear my name and I will do anything," he said hoarsely.

"That is what I expected," Guiseppe whispered gaily. "You will help me to escape?"

"I will do anything that lies in my power to assist you."

"Good. That being so, I am going to tell you something worth knowing. This is a queer world of ours—queer, is it not, that we should be here together? You help me and I help you and yet you are the enemy of me and mine."

"In what way?" Carr asked.

"Are you not a friend of Miss Trent and of Clayton Cardwell? Also of that thick-headed Jack Lowes, to whom I bear no malice?"

"But you did your best to murder him."

"In defence of the interest and freedom of my best friend—myself. Lowes knew too much; he was in the way, as also was Jean Valois. I will not insult your understanding by assuming that you do not know Valois and why he is in England. But that is all over now."

"Do you mean to say," Carr asked excitedly, "that——"

"The bubble is pricked. Not so loud or you will attract attention. My beautiful and accomplished relative has been exposed. Probably by this time she has sought a distant shore. You wonder how I know. My friends have money, and the prison warders are but men after all. Rest assured that our little scheme for getting possession of the Trent millions has failed. I never anticipated any other result, but one never knows what audacity will do."

"I am more interested in my own side of the question," Carr said.

"Of course you are. So also am I, but entirely for my own sake. Yes, those bills were placed in your rooms by that most accomplished rascal, Lord Darlington."

"Darlington!" Carr exclaimed. "How and why?"

"Surely the explanation is simple. Darlington wished to get you out of his way. You were his rival and a very dangerous one. He wished to marry Miss Trent."

"But I heard him say that he was pledged to your relative, Carma Lee."

Guiseppe rolled about on his bed as if deeply amused by something. His face was all smiles, but there was a murderous gleam in his eyes.

"Yes, that was *after* he had weighed the chances and decided that Miss Trent would have nothing. And he won Carma's love from me, robbed me of the only thing in life I really prized. And between them they used me, they made a tool of the poor Guiseppe."

Carr thought of the newspaper paragraph and said nothing. Guiseppe seemed to be lost in thought for a moment. Carr could still see the smile on his face.

"But that I shall balance when the time comes," he went on. "That is my own business. The trap is set and the mouse will be in it before long. But as to your affair. You did not steal those bills, they were not even in the safe the night you had your little adventure."

"Ah, you mean they had been stolen beforehand?"

"Yes, Zara recognised them. You seem surprised. My friend, that safe was burgled three times, once by Zara looking for certain papers, once by yourself, and, in the interval, by your acquaintance Gerald Winter. It was the latter who stole the bills."

"Good Heavens! Why, and when did he do it? Are you sure?"

"As certain as I am lying here. I saw him enter the house, I saw him leave it. He forgot the latchkey, and I followed and gave it to him. He went direct to Darlington's rooms. He had those bills in his pocket at the time. He was in Darlington's power. No doubt that rascal coerced Winter to steal those papers."

"But why should he have done anything of the kind?"

"Cannot you see? And you are reputed to be a clever man. Darlington had Trent or Newth, or whatever you like to call him, under his thumb. But the thing was mutual seeing that Darlington had forged Trent's name and Trent was on the verge of finding it out. Therefore it became necessary to get those bills even after Trent's death. Winter probably agreed to run the risk. Probably he was heavily in Darlington's debt. Anyway, he did get them and gave them to Darlington. Remember we were watching the latter night and day. *And I saw him enter your set of chambers on the night of your adventure.*"

Carr said nothing for a time, he was utterly incapable of speech. He began to understand many things now that had seemed dark a little time before.

"When you are free you can tax Winter with this," Guiseppe said. "If you were free you could afford to be captured again after a day or two. Then your case would be reopened and a pardon follow."

"It is not quite so easy as that," Carr muttered.

"Why not? What were you charged with? Stealing certain papers which were found in your chamber. You are going to prove that you did not steal those papers. You were not tried for anything else. You might be charged again with burglary, but who is going to appear against you? Not Miss Trent, who is entitled to all that Newth-Trent died possessed of. People will believe that you are foolish but not wicked, they will believe your statement that you acted as you did to prevent a scandal. They will make a martyr of you, and you will hold up your head higher than ever. On the whole you are going to get off very cheaply indeed."

Carr said nothing for a long time. He had hope now, the weary feeling had drifted off his soul like a fog before the sunshine. Still, his thoughts were very bitter. He saw no reason to doubt all that Guiseppe had said, he felt as if he could never do a kind action for anybody again. He had gone through all the agony and humiliation and the one man who could have saved him had remained silent and let the prison gates close on him. He would have liked to take Winter by the throat and choke the life out of him.

Still, there were compensations. He might escape and make his way to London. Not that he was at all sanguine on that head. But Guiseppe appeared to be in a position to get letters in or out of the prison, and might therefore pass one on for him. Once let Cardwell get a grip of the truth and he would never let go again.

"You are still of the same opinion?" Guiseppe asked

"As to what?" Carr asked.

"As to giving me all your help in my little scheme."

"If I were on my dying bed I would get up and help you," Carr said gravely.

India's greatest tiger-hunter describes his most thrilling experience in the July P.M. This is only one of the twenty fascinating features between the covers of PEARSON'S.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Guiseppe's Last Match.

A STRING of convicts were toiling outside under a broiling sun. There was no sign of insubordination now. The late outbreak had met with swift punishment. It was too hot to think of that sort of thing at present. These men were in the fields making a new road. The worst species of convict had the heavy work to perform, those of better class were helping with chains and measures, jotting down figures on plans, and making themselves generally useful.

In the background was a long range of huts, and beyond these a high rampart, beyond which was a river, and beyond that again Mortal Woods reaching almost to Maidstone. In this range of sheds were carpenters' shops and the like, for as fast as the new road was made it was bordered by a neat post-and-rail fence, every bit of which was constructed by the convicts.

Carr and Guiseppe Lee were at work on this section. They were bringing up rails in barrows. Guiseppe was whistling under his breath as he went along. He seemed easy and cheerful enough now save for the restless, eager gleam in his black eyes.

"It is going to be presently," he said. "The time is ready. To-night we are free. Ere long you and I will be in those woods together."

Carr nodded, not in the least hopefully. He looked to the ridge beyond the huts where the armed warders were lounging to the river beyond and he saw no hope of escape there. He could swim, of course, but long before the river could be crossed a shot would end everything.

Still, Guiseppe seemed cheerful and confident enough. They came at length to the place where the carpenters were at work whence they were dispatched for more rails. Back in the shops a dozen men were at work looked after by one warder.

Guiseppe walked briskly in with the air of a man who is in a hurry and wants to be served. A great pile of shavings lay on the floor, dry seasoned wood was piled up everywhere. A jar of oil for lubricating tools stood on a bench. As Guiseppe passed this he knocked it over with clumsy adroitness. The liquid soaked up in the shavings directly. Guiseppe beckoned Carr to his side.

"Stoop down and pretend to mop that up," he whispered. "Take this."

He placed a match in Carr's hand. He wondered where on earth it had come from. But he was alert now and ready for anything. Guiseppe bent forward and turned up the sole of his shoe.

"Strike," he whispered. "Strike, and drop it in the shavings."

Carr rubbed the match gently and a little point of flame shot up. Nobody seemed to be taking the least notice. Then the match was dropped, and together Carr and Guiseppe moved casually in the direction of the door. Almost before they reached it there was a crackle and a snap and the hut seemed to be instantly enveloped in flames.

Despite the intense heat of the day a fairly strong wind was blowing. It helped to fan the fire which threatened the whole row of buildings. Guiseppe had chosen the right spot well to windward of the rest with the eye of a general. At the end of a minute the carpenters' hut was a glowing mass.

It was no time to ask questions. Everybody came hurrying to the spot. Here was a perfect God-sent change in the grinding monotony of their daily lives. Convicts and warders were all mixed up together.

"Pull down the next hut," somebody cried. "It's the only way to save the range."

Instantly a move was made for the next hut and the attack began. Guiseppe stood well away from the rest and touched Carr's shoulder.

"Now," he said in a fierce whisper, "nobody is looking! Now!"

He turned and ran with the speed of a hare towards the river. Carr hesitated, half dazed for a moment before he decided to follow. If Guiseppe got away then his chance of communicating with the outside was lost for ever. He had quite forgotten that convicts have their visitors and that he could tell his startling discoveries to his friends in time.

And a great wild yearning for liberty had come upon him. By this time Guiseppe had won half of his way to the river. And everybody seemed intent upon looking at the fire and trying to beat down the fierce blazing mass.

Carr darted forward. His early athletic training stood him in good stead now. He reached the river as Guiseppe got there, then he heard a shout behind him and looked round. He saw a warder kneeling in the grass, he caught the glint of a rifle barrel. There was a little puff and a crack and a bullet went screaming past his head.

"In you go!" Guiseppe yelled. "They will be up to us before we cross else."

He plunged into the river followed by Carr. It was slow work despite the fact that twenty yards was all they had to cross. As Carr reached the other side and plunged into the wood a dozen shots rang out from the opposite bank.

But they were safe in the thicket for the present despite the fact that the warders were still firing at random. There was not one of them who would have ventured to swim the river in his heavy uniform. There was a rap of leaves in the trees overhead made by the speculative bullets but all that was a mere waste of ammunition.

"Where are we going now?" Carr asked breathlessly.

"It is all settled," Guiseppe replied. "Come with me. First we have to get rid of those garments. Strip them off at once."

Carr wondered but complied. Every garment but the stockings and shoes were discarded and promptly sunk with heavy stones in a deep backwater. It was by no means a pleasant position, but the thick fern of the wood afforded a fine protection.

"Now come this way without delay," Guiseppe said briefly.

Carr obeyed wondering. He was absolutely in the hands of his companion. In any case he had no alternative but to do exactly as he was told. They came presently to a half deserted hut, used only at such times as the keepers had to feed the pheasants in due course, and here from behind some loose straw Guiseppe produced two suits of clothes with wigs and spectacles, in all a perfect disguise.

"There," he said gaily, "we are going to be two respectable London shopkeepers out for a day's holiday. I know every inch of the place; I have wandered about England a deal in my time. And here is money, ten pounds and some silver, also a big packet of cigarettes and matches. Ah!"

He lighted a cigarette, filled his lungs with tobacco, and exhaled it with a look of beatific delight. Carr watched him hungrily. The constant craving for the solace of tobacco had not been the least of his daily torture. He had smoked a cigarette by the time he had finished dressing, and then together they walked boldly in the direction of the nearest village.

By this time the story of the two escaped convicts had spread far and wide. People stood in the little village street discussing the matter with gaping curiosity. A couple of armed warders came down the road and passed the fugitives without the slightest suspicion. In prison the average warder gives but little heed to the physiognomy of his charges. In any case they would have arrested no attention. Nobody in the prison would have entertained the idea of a lightning change like this.

"For a few hours at any rate we are safer here," Guiseppe said gaily. "Your name is Jones and mine is Robinson, and we are going to call for letters at the post office. There will be nothing for you but there will be one for me. Afterwards we will go to that rustic hotel yonder and have a chicken and asparagus and a pint of beer. Are you hungry?"

Carr intimated that such had been his condition for days. The suggestion of a good meal daintily cooked filled him with delight. There was one letter for Guiseppe at the village post office, a general shop devoted to grocery and provisions and the like, and here Guiseppe wrote out and dispatched a long telegram. He put down a sovereign and the assistant went away somewhere to get change. On the counter lay a long, two-edged knife that Guiseppe took up in a longing kind of way. He dropped it into an inside pocket.

"One never knows when a weapon may be useful," he said. "Do you run over to that inn and order that dinner whilst I am waiting for the change."

Carr complied with the suggestion willingly enough. Not till he had eaten heartily and drunk in moderation and lighted a cigarette did he feel comparatively happy again. There was a new outlook for him in life now, something to wait for eagerly. But for the risk he would have liked to have got back to London again without delay.

"Wait," Guiseppe said mysteriously. "Your time will come."

Guiseppe strolled across to the little general shop presently to see if any reply had come to his telegram. There was a response, but he said nothing of this to Carr, though he looked grave and thoughtful.

"Now let us go and lie in the fields and smoke till dark," he said. "Ah, you have been writing to your friends. Well, that is the proper thing to do. You shall see them presently, but just now I require your services. Let me post that letter for you. We will sleep to-night in the woods. To-morrow—well, let to-morrow care for itself."

Carr agreed for the simple reason that he had no other course open to him. He did not know that Guiseppe had coolly destroyed his letter. All the same, now that the first excitement had passed, he had every desire to be rid of his companion. It was not nice to know that he was sleeping and lying cheek by jowl with a would-be murderer, and yet he did not care to move until he had heard from Cardwell, to whom he had written at length, little dreaming that Cardwell knew far more of the matter than he did himself.

The next day passed slowly as did the day after. The woods had been scoured thoroughly by the prison officials, and now they were looking further afield for their quarry. Carr had remained behind smoking whilst Guiseppe had gone to the village for letters. Nothing as yet had come from Cardwell. It was nearly dark when Guiseppe returned.

He looked a little pale and stern, but the resolution in his eyes burned clear and steady. Carr imagined that he was going to say something, but he changed his mind. Guiseppe dropped the long, two-edged knife that he had purloined from his pocket to the floor.

"Well," he said presently, "things are moving along. To-morrow if the mouse does not come to the trap the trap will go to the mouse; but I fancy the mouse will come. My friend, do you know what it is to burn with revenge, to be ready to sacrifice your life to that scorching desire for vengeance? No? Well, I do."

And not a word more would Guiseppe say. The night came and the stars crept out; from a distant church clock eleven struck clearly and sweetly. Carr dropped in his straw and slept. When he came to himself again Guiseppe was standing over him, his eyes gleaming, the long, thin knife grasped tightly in his hands.

"I hope I'm not the object of your vengeance," Carr muttered.

Guiseppe did not smile. His face was rigid, his eyes like those of a cat in the dark.

"Not you," he said, "but another. "Can you hear anything?"

Carr sat up instantly. His senses were all alert and vigorous now. It seemed to him that he could hear distinct sounds in the bushes.

"What does it mean?" he asked. "Are we discovered?"

Guiseppe nodded. His hand clasped more tightly upon the blade of his knife.

"They think so," he whispered heavily. "The mouse fancies that the cheese is here. We shall see what the mouse will make of it before the play is over."

(To be continued.)

Towns Where Farthings Are Never Seen.

THE farthing is most in use in London and other southern towns and cities, and the farther north one gets the farthing becomes more of a curiosity. The farthing is a coin of the realm and is entitled to full use, but for some reason or other in many towns and cities it is not used at all, and indeed never seen unless a person who travels has picked one up in London or elsewhere.

Then again in some towns we can find the farthing in use in one quarter and not in another. We firmly believe that at the root of this disuse of the farthing is the general feeling that it is too small in value to be bothered with. The condition of the masses of the people has materially improved during the last decade, and with that improvement has come the contempt for the farthing.

Food, clothing, and indeed all necessaries of life, have become cheaper, and the people are not under such stern necessity to wring out every possible value for their money, and they are not so careful with it as they were when its purchasing power was much less than it is now.

Another nail has been driven into the coffin of the farthing in those towns where tradesmen have entirely ignored its existence in their system of pricing goods to the public.

There are plenty of towns where the drapery trade stands alone in the pricing of goods into farthings, but even in this trade it is rare indeed that the draper uses the actual coin. There is more than one instance where farthings have been tendered to a draper who had so priced his goods, only to be met with the polite remark: "We don't use farthings, madam." The way they work it is this. Supposing a lady buys a yard of material marked 2s. 11¾d., and puts down 4s., she receives a small packet of pins or something of that kind, on which is often printed: "Your change with thanks."

This is all right for the shopkeeper, because he is getting another nibble of profit out of the so-called "change," in addition to which the packet of pins or needles acts as an advertisement, as the trader's name is printed thereon, and such things are left about probably for some time. Such a practice, therefore, is all against the public and in favour of the trader.

An attempt was made three or four years ago by a journal in a northern city to have the use of the farthing made compulsory, but the agitation was fruitless. It was contended that by the disuse of the farthing the poor were paying more for the necessaries of life than the rich, and indeed this is so. The poorer quarters of our big towns and cities swarm with small shops, and if the farthing were in general use the very poor would get more for their money. There are several things for which they pay a halfpenny which could be got for a farthing were the coin in use.

In conversation with a representative of a big wholesale confectionery firm we put forward the above theory that the farthing had gone out in many towns because the public would not be bothered with them, and the gentleman agreed that this was so.

"The farthing," he said, "used to touch our trade as much as and probably more than any other. But we only make farthing stuff now for places where the farthing is in general use. In the Midlands and up North halfpenny and penny lines are all the go, but very rarely any demand for a farthing line, and in fact we do not want to be bothered with it."

He was further of opinion that the farthing would fall entirely into disuse, but that in London and the suburbs it would die hard.

A tradesman with considerable business in the suburbs of London was asked his opinion the other day. In three instances traders on either side of his shops all use farthings.

"But," he said, "we don't use them. We do not price anythings into farthings, and we don't want to. In my opinion the farthing could be done without."

As to whether the use of the farthing should be made general or compulsory is another matter.

TADPOLE: "I hear you are building a new house?"

Taper: "Yes; I couldn't very well build an old one, you know."

GRUMPY: "Pshaw! Women can never keep a secret."

Mrs. Grumpy: "Can't, eh? Perhaps I haven't guarded the secret that the wedding-ring you gave me was plated!"

YOUNG STUDENT PHYSICIAN (to charity patient): "I—I think you must have a—a—some kind of a fever, but our class has only got as far as convulsions. I'll come in again in a week."

THE GRAND VIZIER: "Oh, your majesty! The Sultana dead! What was the disease?"

The Caliph: "Oh, Hamet, I am inconsolable! The new executioner came this morning, and I wanted to try him. She was the only person handy and" (brokenly) "I couldn't resist the temptation!"

"A Moving Village" is only one of many wonders described and illustrated in PEARSON'S MAGAZINE for July. The village in point is gradually slipping down a mountain.

"TO BE CALLED FOR."

How the Use of Letter-Shops is Abused.

P.W. the other day met a detective whose main business is to keep an eye upon people who call for letters which have been addressed to them at some address which is not really theirs, but which they may use by paying for it.

This suggests at once that something must be wrong, although it does not necessarily follow that a letter bureau should be wiped out of our social economy. The institution itself is legitimate, and perfectly proper from the point of view of a shopkeeper, who is in business for making money; but its patrons may be said to be of the suspicious order.

"If persons don't want letters addressed to their own homes, or places of business, for private reasons," said the detective, "they could easily confide in their friends if everything was above board.

"Then, again, there is the poste restante at their service. They could call for their letters at the post-office, notwithstanding that this arrangement is primarily intended for strangers in a town. But searching questions as to your being a *bona-fide* stranger are seldom asked. So if a man or woman patronises a letter bureau instead of one of the other ways he or she has at command, their business must be shady. In nine out of ten cases it is shady, as my own experiences have proved.

"They are mostly regular customers who patronise these letter-shops, and we know them. Here and there you come across a strange face, and the expression on it indicates what the trouble is—love.

"But the bulk are unscrupulous scoundrels, the majority of whom are regular advertisers in the provincial papers and who give the address of their favourite letter bureau as though it were their own. Thus the spider catches the unwary fly.

"Not long ago we captured a man whilst he was bagging a big handful of letters, all of which contained postal-orders. These came from the readers of country newspapers who sent their money believing that they were going to get back in return specimens of literary work the writing out of which would bring them in not less than, so it was advertised, forty shillings a week.

"The begging letter impostor finds a fair amount of convenience in the letter bureau. Well-known benefactors, like the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, for example, who keeps a secretary purposely to make inquiries into the position of applicants for relief, know when a letter is dated from one of these places, and they either acquaint the police or, as is too often done, let the matter drop.

"Hundreds of false references and characters are dated from one of the many places where letters may be addressed on payment of a small fee. Say a girl is in league with some man who is bent on crime—and there are thousands of such people scattered all over the country. She seeks a place in a family and presents her written character from the last place. Her mistress or employer writes to the address given in the letter and gets back a confirmatory reply. In several known cases this correspondence from the side of the girl has been conducted from one or other of those letter shops.

"Are all such places tarred with the same brush? Not all. Many are used for legitimate purposes, but in no case does the owner know for a fact what the letters he received for people are about. It is not his business to make inquiries; he collects the fees for the accommodation, and there his responsibility ends.

"Some of the callers for these mysterious letters are perfectly honest. It has come to my knowledge that in one particular case—and doubtless there are many others—a City clerk desirous of adding to his income took on an insurance agency which he worked in the evenings. He was newly-married and his wife understood that his salary derived from his clerical appointment was bigger than it was. The poor fellow was scared and not daring to tell her the truth hit on the expediency I have just mentioned.

"But in the circumstances he could not have his letters addressed to his house, and so he had them sent to a letter bureau. But now he has them sent home as he has succeeded as an agent.

"A man who has to fly from his office to escape prosecution for, perhaps, embezzlement, often runs straight into the arms of the law by means of the letter-shop. He is in hiding and although careful not to give his address, yet he writes a letter or two from the letter-shops and calls for the replies, with the result that he is inevitably captured.

"The man who uses these cheap addresses for, say, nefarious purposes, has a manner of calling for his letters which is very different from that of the casual or genuine user. The former throws his eyes about to see that nobody is watching him, and then bolts inside the shop, or whatever the place is, comes out quickly and hastily clears off the scene, whereas the latter strolls in and out again as if he were quite in the habit of calling there. This is a curious fact which I have often noticed."

COST OF A 130-TON GUN.

PERHAPS the most expensive national amusement in the world is the frivolity of owning 130-ton guns. It is a worse mania than paying a few thousands for a rare stamp.

Not only does each one of Krupp's 130-ton steel guns cost £39,000 to construct, but it can be fired only between fifty and sixty times, after which it becomes worn out and useless.

Two shots a minute can be discharged, so that if it were fired continuously it would become valueless in considerably less than an hour.

Each projectile costs £950, and weighs 2,600 pounds, while the gun has a range of fifteen miles.

The primitive bow and arrows of the olden days were quite effective enough, and on the score of economy possess undeniable advantages. Why not hold a new Geneva Conference with a view to procuring their revival?

IN URGENT NEED OF CASH.

"WHY, no," said Mr. Peck, the grocer, in a surprised tone, in reply to Benny Bloobumper's request, "I haven't any work I can give you just now. How is it you are asking for something to do? A well-dressed boy like you does not often ask for an odd job."

"Oh, sir," replied Benny, "if you but knew how anxious I am to earn a sixpence you would surely give me a few errands to perform."

"You can't be hungry, can you?"

"Oh, no, sir. I have had my usual number of meals so far to-day."

"Do you want to put it in the missionary box?"

"No, sir. My parents provided me with money for that purpose."

"You want to go to the minstrel show, perhaps?"

"You have not yet guessed my need of the money, sir."

"Then, what in the world do you want it for!"

"Oh, sir," replied the distressed boy, "my mother said she would cut my hair after supper to-night, and I am extremely anxious to let the barber perform the work before that time."

"My poor boy," replied the grocer, deeply moved. "I'll give you sixpennyworth of errands to run."

WELL PREPARED.

DURING a little pedestrian trip a gentleman came unexpectedly upon a country racecourse, and on one portion of the ground found a thimble-ring establishment in full work.

Notwithstanding the remonstrances of his companions, the gentleman, who was a bit of a madcap, insisted on watching the game.

"Now, would the gent like to wager a crown he could find the pea?" remarked the expert.

"Yes," was the reply.

The money was on both sides deposited, and the pedestrian, lifting up the thimble, pointed out the required pea and took the stakes.

A second bet, "double or quits," ended, to the surprise of the expert, in the same result. Then a third wager, "a pound or nothing," steadied the nerves of the loser, and the trick was accomplished with great caution. The gentleman turned up a thimble, and showed the pea, at the same time pocketing the stake.

"S'help me," etc., "I didn't put it there!" complained the bewildered artiste.

"No, but I always carry my own pea," rejoined the man who had come out right, as he went on his way with the spoils of war.

PURE JORDAN WATER.

IT is becoming quite a fashion now to christen babies in water brought from the river Jordan, and an enterprising chemist has made an arrangement with a friend to send quantities home by tourists; he puts it up in suitable bottles and labels it "absolutely pure" Jordan water.

Previous to this, another enterprising gentleman adopted the following method of earning a living. He would watch the "Births" announced in the newspapers and then send a letter, offering to supply a bottle of Jordan water for the baptism, the price varying with what he concluded to be the circumstances of the parents. The addresses gave him a clue to the latter.

He gave a plausible explanation of the manner in which he came into possession of the water; sometimes he would say that it had been given by a traveller—he would even go so far as to mention a name—had given it in aid of a philanthropic institution and he was trying to dispose of it on behalf of that institution. He succeeded in doing a fairly good business before certain facts came to his knowledge that made him decide to give it up. It is therefore to be presumed that, unlike the chemist, he had not made arrangements for a supply of the genuine article.

Twenty bottles of Jordan water were offered to the Duke of Cornwall when his last child was baptised, and fifteen to a civic dignitary for the christening of his grandchild. The Jordan will run low at this rate!

MAKING MONEY WHILE ASLEEP.

SOME EXTRAORDINARY FEATS OF SLEEP-WALKERS.

A REMARKABLE story is going round certain literary circles. A writer had been in very poor health through overwork and worry, and had been compelled to take a short holiday. Prior to doing so he had been cogitating over the plot of a short story and had pencilled his musings in his note-book. True to his promise he did no work whilst he was resting at the seaside, but, nevertheless, the plot of the story was running through his mind and he could not shake it off. It was a very difficult matter for him to keep from writing it.

The brief rest over the first thing he tackled was the writing of that story, which when finished was duly sent in to the editor of a well-known magazine

A few days later he was astonished to receive from another editor a proof of a story written round the same plot, and his inquiries into the matter proved beyond a doubt that he had actually written, addressed, and properly posted the story, of which a proof was sent him, whilst he was asleep one night. And this version was a better one than the other.

One can understand a man of the sensitive calibre of that author worrying himself over his story, and so fixing it in his mind with the result as just explained, but what connection can there be between writing and chair-mending?

The first is born of inspiration, but the other is so purely mechanical that the mental faculties, in a way, can hardly be said to be ever called into action for the purpose of thinking out any abstruse problem in connection with the mending of a chair.

Yet, curiously enough, chair-menders are prone to somnambulism—perhaps because it is such a monotonous calling.

In Pendleton (near Manchester) there was an old lady who earned a living by re-caning chairs. Generally speaking, she was able to do in the daytime all the work she had on hand. But there were times when she had extra work in to do and often could not finish it ere she retired for the night, but she invariably got out of bed and finished what she had left over, though she was fast asleep.

She frequently did this, not ceasing her labours in the dark till she had mended perhaps three or four chairs, and thereby earned five or six shillings unconsciously, and awaking next morning in astonishment at finding all her work done.

In another case an old chair mender, a man turned eighty, used to earn a few shillings sufficient to keep him and his aged wife.

He lived in Birmingham, and one early morning a policeman found him in the bull ring dressed in his night garment with only a coat thrown over his shoulders. He was carrying a couple of chairs which he had just re-caned, and was taking home to their owners. The constable thought that old Silas had gone mad, and for safety took him to the police station. There he was put to bed comfortably and allowed to have his sleep out.

Of course, he had not the slightest recollection of his escapade, nor of mending the chairs, which were all right and well done.

The most remarkable case of all was stated at a meeting of French Scientists recently.

This money-making sleep-walker was an art student, the pupil of a great French master. The young man attended daily at his master's studio and did admirable work in oils.

One morning he rushed into the studio and opening a portfolio asked the master to inspect some water-colours. They were excellent drawings. The pupil explained that he had found them that morning in his portfolio, and he knew nothing about them.

They had been painted on paper cut from his own sketch-book, and all else indicated that the youth was the painter, but he persisted in his declarations that he knew nothing at all about them. The master and all the other pupils were simply mystified.

A watch was made upon him, but this vigil proved nothing till about the thirtieth night when he was seen to get up, light a small lamp, go to a cupboard, and take out his painting outfit.

He sat painting for three hours, in which time he produced, in water colours, a beautiful landscape.

He ripped the drawing from the sketching-block, and then put it with the others in the portfolio. He carefully put away all the articles he had been using, and went back to bed.

The next morning he emphatically denied all the statements the watchers had made, but on being shown the identical sketch he admitted having a dim idea that he had seen it before.

It was a clear case of somnambulism, and on the advice of his friends he placed himself under medical care. The sketches were sold, and they brought the young artist in many hundreds of francs.

SERVANT: "There's a gentleman downstairs, ma'am."
Mistress: "Show him up to the drawing-room."
Servant: "But he has come to clean the chimbly."
Mistress: "Then show him up the chimney."

"The Sea Lady" is written in an entirely new style. Mr. Wells has made an extraordinary departure from conventional story-telling. His new serial will fascinate you. Begin it, and you will find you can't read enough.

"Why I Shouldn't Give to the F.A.F."

I HAVE received quite a number of letters from people who give their reasons for not contributing to the FRESH AIR FUND. Most of them, I will say, seem wholly convinced that their objections are well founded; but, whether they are so or not, I will leave my readers to judge by giving them a few.

One correspondent writes:

"You transport a child of the slums from its home there to green fields and pure air for one day in 365. If a person who lived constantly in total darkness were taken out into the brilliant sunshine of a summer day, and were then taken back to his former condition, do you think that he would be thankful for the change? Would not the darkness seem blacker than ever to him? Consider then the child who, having obtained a glimpse of what sunshine is, resumes the old life, but now with a feeling of discontent which develops into despair. Soon the holiday is forgotten amid the monotonous loitering in courts and alleys, and the risky endeavours to obtain a copper coin. Many worthier objects could claim your attention than the F.A.F. I would rather see the contributions distributed to institutions which adopt poor children and make them useful citizens."

I am glad to have an opportunity of answering a letter of this sort, containing a reason for not contributing to the F.A.F. which may be common to many hundreds of other non-subscribers. As a set-off against the instance which my correspondent quotes, I would suggest that he imagines himself to be a worker in one of our big cities, toiling from morning till night, day after day, week after week, from year's end to year's end, with only a break in the monotony of a day's excursion to the seaside or the country. There are many thousands of men and women toiling under such circumstances. There is only one bright spot in the whole of the dreary year, and that bright spot is the one day's holiday. For weeks beforehand the weary toiler looks forward in anticipation to his short rest from work, and the pleasure of the anticipation is only exceeded by the twelve hours' unalloyed bliss. When it is over, the following weeks are brightened by the memory of its happiness, and the worker feels that life, after all, is worth living.

The circumstances are practically the same so far as the slum child who benefits by the F.A.F. is concerned. Far from becoming discontented and despairing, the child does nothing for days (and sometimes weeks) afterwards but think and talk of the flowers, and fields, and birds that he saw on that memorable day.

The institutions to which my correspondent refers are excellent, but one must do either one thing or the other. We must either take a few hundreds, and spend a whole lot of money on them for years and years, or we must take hundreds of thousands and spend a little on each for a day. The F.A.F. adopts the latter course.

A country reader refrains from contributing because she cannot see the necessity for the existence of the F.A.F. She lives in the country, but has lived in London and other towns, and is certain that people in towns have a much better time than those in the country. She says:

"Compare the life of a slum child and the life of a labouring man's child in the country. A town child has all the excitement of the traffic daily, he sees life continually, he has the shops to look at, and hundreds of other attractions. The country child has a piece of bread and jam for breakfast, a walk of two or three miles to school, a dry dinner, and a walk home at night with bad roads and bad boots. Take a country child up the Strand, and see if he is not delighted."

It is this everlasting turmoil of traffic and people and noise, not to speak of sordid and crowded surroundings, which makes a day in the country absolute Paradise to the little London slum child. People who live in the country naturally cannot understand what pleasure anyone from town can find in simply roaming about green fields and picking wild flowers. Neither can a Londoner understand the exquisite joy which country people feel when they walk down one of London's busy thoroughfares, and see the big shops and thousands of people and vehicles moving about.

This is easy to understand. Familiarity with these objects is at the bottom of it. Notwithstanding, it is only necessary for a reader to go down with one of the FRESH AIR FUND excursions to realise what a huge pleasure this day's outing is to the little ones.

Dozens of other reasons for not contributing to the FRESH AIR FUND have been sent me, each more or less justifiable—in the opinions of the writers.

One young fellow has been bed-ridden for seven years as the result of an illness contracted while working for a charitable object, and cannot afford to contribute. Another is an inmate of a workhouse, and if he subscribes a penny to the FRESH AIR FUND, he has to deny himself his *Pearson's Weekly* for two weeks, or, as he says, "it is a loss of my sugar for a week to find two stamps and postage."

Each of these latter reasons strikes me as being equally plausible, and I have therefore divided the sovereign and sent ten shillings to each. One is David Middleton, 59 Winslow Street, Liverpool, N., and the other Robert Dart, Totnes Union, Totnes, Devon.

A PROSAIC WIFE.

THE wife of Richter, the German novelist, was an excellent housekeeper, but a matter-of-fact woman, who had little sympathy with her husband's poetical fancies. He was once reading to her a fine passage which he had just written, and was not a little surprised to find that she stopped her knitting and seemed lost in thought, as he read sentence after sentence.

"Jean Paul," said she, as soon as he ceased reading, "you must put on another pair of stockings to-morrow morning; I see that those you have on need darning."

DO TOWNS DETERIORATE?

RATEPAYERS when they find their town's money vanish suddenly in improvements, are tempted to forget that places are very like individuals. They can't stand still. They must go forward or deteriorate.

This is true, both of cities possessing classic traditions of external beauty like Brussels and Rouen, which have in modern days so painfully failed to live up to their heritage, and also of new cities that started with every prospect of great grandeur in architecture, such, for instance, as New York, Washington, and St. Louis.

On the other hand, English cities have almost invariably grown more beautiful with age—London, for instance, Birmingham, Leeds, Sheffield, Nottingham; all these places have improved.

A SYMPATHETIC JUDGE.

A CERTAIN judge, who once presided over a criminal court, was famous as one of the most compassionate men who ever sat upon the bench. His softness of heart, however, did not prevent him from doing his duty as a judge.

A man who had been convicted of stealing a small amount was brought into court for sentence. He looked very sad and hopeless, and the court was much moved by his contrite appearance.

"Have you ever been sentenced to imprisonment?" the judge asked.

"Never, never!" exclaimed the prisoner, bursting into tears.

"Don't cry, don't cry," said the Judge consolingly; "you're going to be now!"

DO YOU BATHE YOUR EYEGLASSES?

"You don't need new glasses, but your glasses do need a bath," said a Strand optician to a customer, who seemed greatly surprised at the remark.

"I know you wipe them frequently," continued the optician, "but that doesn't answer the purpose. They need a bath as often as you do, and they don't get it. I can see that from an examination. They have been wiped and wiped, and the clinging dirt has been partly removed, while some of it has simply been moved about and piled on older deposits. Give them a gentle bath once in a while with warm water and a little soap, scrubbing them with a brush and afterwards rinsing and drying them. Then you won't think you are losing your sight quite so rapidly.

"Your glasses show a fine film of dirt two or three layers thick, that no amount of simple rubbing will remove. Nothing will take this off so well as clear warm water. Don't be satisfied because you think they are clean, but put them through a bath and make sure of it.

"Few persons realise the importance of keeping their spectacles and eyeglasses perfectly clean, and in their ignorance think there is something the matter with the glasses or with their vision."

"HAVE you a large staff of reporters to gather the news for you?"

Country Editor: "No: we have a wife."

FRED: "I have had a stroke of good luck; my uncle has died and left me a handsome legacy."

Paul: "Well, you've been leaving so many things at your uncle's lately that it is time he left something to you."

EVERY READER A WRITER.

IF you are walking in the street in town or country and observe something curious, however insignificant it may seem to you, make a mental note of it. If it is something you cannot understand, so much the better. When you get home jot down your idea on a piece of paper together with your name and address, and send it to the Editor in an envelope marked "IDEA."

If the note which you send is considered of sufficient interest to justify our making inquiries and publishing an article on the subject, you will be paid for the article at the rate of

TWO GUINEAS A COLUMN.

You are not required to write the article, only to supply the idea.

You may send as many ideas as you like, and there is no reason why you should not make £10 a week in this way.

If the same idea be sent in by several readers, the money will be paid to the person whose suggestion first reaches us. If a reader forwards a subject for an article we have already by us, naturally he cannot expect payment.

RED-LETTER DAYS

A Chronicle of Interesting Events that have Happened this Week.

Half-a-crown each will be paid for paragraphs suitable for this column. Attempts must arrive at least three weeks ahead of the dates dealt with. Mark your envelopes "Red Letter."

28th June, 1811.—In 1811 Sir John Throckmorton, a Berkshire Baronet, wagered a thousand guineas that he would on a particular evening sit down to dinner in a well-finished suit, the wool of which had been growing on sheeps' backs at five the same morning. Accordingly at five on the morning of June 28th, 1811, two South Down sheep were shorn, the wool transformed into cloth, the cloth dyed, dressed, and made into garments, and at a quarter past six in the evening Sir John sat down to dine at the head of his guests arrayed in the suit so expeditiously finished.

29th June, 1620.—A few years ago there was an attempt made to grow tobacco in England, but it was not successful because of its inferior quality. At one time it was extensively grown in England. James I., in a proclamation issued from Greenwich, June 29th, 1620, prohibited its growth in England, or its future import by any but patentees appointed by the King. But it was still grown, and the Life Guards were sent on several occasions to destroy the crops—a fact which Pepys mentions: "19th September, 1667.—She (his wife) tells me how the Life Guards, which we thought a little since was sent down into the country about some insurrection, which was sent to Winchcombe to spoil tobacco there, which, it seems, the people there do plant contrary to the law, and have always done, and still being under force and danger of having it spoiled, as it hath been oftentimes, and yet they will continue to plant it."

30th June, 1877.—The four hundredth anniversary of the introduction of printing into England by William Caxton, the first English printer, was celebrated at the South Kensington Museum on Saturday, June 30th, 1877, by the opening of a loan collection of articles, appliances, and machinery connected with printing. At the banquet which followed upwards of 400 guests were present, including the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, presiding, the Emperor of Brazil, the Archbishop of York, Sir Chas. Reed. Mr. Gladstone in proposing "The Memory of William Caxton, the First English Printer," after giving an eloquent description of Caxton's career, proceeded to say: "I hold in my hand a volume to which I beg everyone to direct his eye, because I think it may be called the climax and consummation of this art. Since the clock struck twelve last night the people at the University Press, Oxford, have printed and sent us this Bible—they have sent several copies, one of which will be presented to the Emperor of Brazil." The Bible held up by Mr. Gladstone was printed at Oxford, bound in London, and delivered at the South Kensington Exhibition Buildings literally within twelve consecutive hours. The event was quite the sensation of the day, while copies of the "Caxton Bible" are already scarce, if not unattainable.

1st July, 1892.—On this night the Inman Line steamer *City of Chicago* was wrecked when within a few hours of reaching Queenstown. In the thick fog she ran on the Old Head of Kinsale. There was no wind, no sea, and, happily, no danger. Indeed, a fifteen-foot plank reached from the bows of the steamer on to a projecting ledge of rock, so that the passengers could actually walk ashore. But, when on land, a cliff 200ft. high faced them. In the gloom, the difficulties of the ascent were concealed, and one of the passengers climbed the cliff to telegraph the news of the disaster. Rope ladders were soon lowered from the top of the cliff, and by this perilous means upwards of two hundred passengers in sheer desperation scrambled up the lofty cliffs in the darkness of the night. The rest of those on board made their way to a small creek a little way up the coast by means of the ship's boats.

2nd July, 1891.—At the venerable age of 98, Robert Scarlett, a sexton of Peterborough Cathedral, passed away. He had buried two generations and had viewed all the stirring events of the Reformation period. In one thing he was probably unique among provincial grave-diggers—he buried two queens—two of the saddest figures in history in their different ways. These were the divorced Catherine of Aragon, who died broken-hearted at Kimbolton, and Mary of Scotland, beheaded at Fotheringay.

3rd July, 1810.—Londoners are used to seeing many odd sights unmoved, but on this morning there must have been quite a crowd round the statue at Charing Cross, which bore a strange decoration. Round the neck hung a loaf, bearing a ticket which declared that it was shamefully short weight, and calling for that panacea, an Act of Parliament. The loaf hung till washed away by the rain, and any impression made seems to have been as easily blotted out, for it was not until 1822 that it was positively required that all plain bread be sold by weight in London, and the old statute concerning the regulation of the size of the loaf was repealed in 1824.

4th July, 1865.—The King, as Prince of Wales, had an opportunity of displaying his skill as an amateur fireman. A fire broke out in the ventilating shaft at Marlborough House; occurring in the afternoon, it was soon discovered and all the household and stable servants mustered in force to fight the flames. The Prince of Wales was quickly on the spot, and, throwing off his coat and waistcoat, worked with the buckets most diligently. It was feared that the fire had spread under the roof, and an entrance was made there. The Prince headed the exploring party and, failing to keep to the rafters, he put his foot through the lath and plaster, and nearly went through the ceiling. By the time the engines arrived the amateur firemen had nearly conquered the flames.

In the July PEARSON'S there begins one of the brightest, wittiest, and most exciting serial stories ever published, "The Sea Lady," by H. G. Wells.

A WORD IN SEASON TO BATHERS.

THE sun is as warm at the end of October as it is in the middle of June, and the period between these dates may be taken as the normal bathing season. In the case of persons of average health there is little fear of harm being done by bathing if the precautions dictated by common sense and ratified by common experience are observed.

One thing, however, which even experienced bathers often fail to realise, is that swimming in the open sea is really a violent form of exercising.

At the beginning of the season, therefore, it is well to acclimatise oneself by degrees, just as mountain climbers go through a little preliminary training before they get to business. It is in the early dips of the season that "cramp" is most to be dreaded.

There is a good deal of misconception as to the nature of "cramp" which has led some persons who, like the Homeric heroes, rejoice in their strength, to laugh at it as a "bogey." It may be admitted that ordinary cramp in the calf of the leg, though likely enough to give a timid person the notion that he is in the grip of some monster of the deep, is not a very formidable matter to anyone in whom familiarity with the water has bred confidence. This is not, however, the "cramp" which makes a strong swimmer suddenly throw up his hands and sink at once to a watery grave.

It is impossible to say with certainty what takes place in these circumstances. The accident is probably due to failure of the heart's action, perhaps the result of spasm of the cardiac muscle—"cramp" of the heart.

Another view is that the cause of drowning is perforation of the drum of the ear by the pressure of the water, followed by vertigo and sudden unconsciousness. However this may be, there can be no doubt that among the dangers of bathing a prominent place must be given to the possibility of mischief being done to the delicate structure of the ear.

Dr. Turnbull advises that the ears, especially if they are at all tender or diseased, should always be protected in bathing.

For this purpose ladies should wear an oilskin cap covering the ears, and men should close the aperture of the ear with a piece of cotton wool or other simple plug which can be taken out on leaving the water. For surf bathing especially, and for those who like to float on their backs, such protection of the ears is a necessary measure of precaution.

Result of the "Proof-Reader" Competition.

THE prize of £10 has been divided between Mr. A. B. Smallcombe, of 88 Greville Road, Southville, Bristol, and Miss A. Saunders, of 16 Montpellier Villas, Cheltenham, for out of the thirteen errors they each found ten.

Below is given the correct reading:

OUR hero quickly settled himself between the two curious **fatty humps** with which a beneficent Nature has endowed the African **camel**. In a few moments his quaint steed had borne him westward out of the narrow streets of Zanzibar and there lay before him the **stretch of sea** separating him from his far distant quest, Lake Bangweolo. The heat was stifling. Although wanting a full hour of midday the sun seemed to fill the entire **north** with its scorching rays, and the traveller devoutly thanked the forethought of his Zanzibari host for his gift of the **loose**-fitting burnose which so admirably resisted the sun's rays.

Even then he found himself mistrusting his own haste. Would it not have paid him **better** to wait until the cool of the evening? He bethought him somewhat tardily of the advice of the Gounese half-**caste**. "None of the French explorers **crosses** the desert by day, even at midwinter, for the **June** sun would scorch **him** up," the little man had said. And **Jean** groaned in his heart as the conviction forced itself upon him that his **olive-hued** informant had counselled him aright.

Result of the "Sign" Competition.

The Correct Name over the Window is "Smythe."

THE first prize offered in this competition was a set of Sir W. Scott's novels in twenty-five volumes. This has been awarded to MR. JOHN B. BELL, of 287 Wednesbury Road, Walsall, whose attempt was the first correct one dealt with.

Consolation gifts have been sent to the following:

A. S. Wallace, 1 Long Street, Dundee; J. H. Johnston, 4 Dalton Street, Wolverhampton; G. Jones, "Melville," Rawson Road, Seaforth; Mrs. Walton, 70 Roodspark Street, Govan, Glasgow; H. Shilton, 118 Herbert Road, Small Heath, Birmingham; H. R. Cleaver, Alfreton, Derbyshire; Mrs. Sneddon, 4 Camp Street, Motherwell; A. C. Mann, 54 Belmont Ave, Bury Street, Lower Edmonton; A. Wennell, 64 Killyon Road, Lark Hall Rise, Clapham, S.W.; H. Knight, Scrubbs Lane, Willesden, N.W.; S. M. Francis, 25 High Street, Andover; Jas. Braidwood, 6 Gladstone Terrace, Edinburgh; W. H. Cartwright, 48 Fernbank Crescent, Folkestone; A. Clark, 70 Ebury Buildings, Pimlico; H. Smith, 24 Buckingham Place, Brighton; C. Wheeley, Rosesville, Prince's Road, Weybridge; H. W. Irvine, 316 Gillott Road, Birmingham; W. Wadsworth, Cleveland Buildings, Huddersfield Road, Ravensthorpe, Yorks; F. Tanton, "West View," St. Leonards; G. E. Stubbs, 64 Forbes Street, West Gorton, Manchester; G. Davies, 104 Craddock Street, Riverside, Cardiff; Miss K. Davis, 74 Carysfort Road, Park Lane, Clissold Park, N.; Jas. Donaldson, 15 York Lane, Belfast; S. Griffen, 2 Rosslyn Villas, Whitworth Road, Southampton; W. J. Freeman, 22 Ashbourne Road, Aigburth Road, Liverpool; H. Corrie, 21 Guthrie Street, Kensington, Liverpool; G. Macmillan, 12 Atwell Street, Liverpool, E.; C. Gordon, 316 Gloucester Road, Bristol; Miss M. Willis, 23 Kirder Street, Brunswick Road, Liverpool; F. Hackett, 32 Oswin Street, West Derby Road, Liverpool; G. Bowerman, 40 Tennant Street, West Bowling, Bradford; Jas. Lawson, 48 Links, Buckhaven, Fife; H. J. McGrath, 21 Barony Street, Edinburgh; W. Williams, 57 Legh Street, Lanky Street, Warrington; C. Sewell, 3 Framfield Road, Highbury, N.; W. H. Cook, Chale, Isle of Wight.

HOW MEN CAN AVOID FALSE IMPRESSIONS ABOUT "INTENTIONS."

A MAN should be careful never to let his attentions to a girl get beyond the limit of ordinary civility, if he does not want them misunderstood. He should not ask her to dance more than three times at any ball where he may happen to meet her. He should not take possession of her with an air of proprietorship when they happen to be together; he should not exhibit the least jealousy of other men, or resent her bestowing attention on them rather than on himself. He should never attempt to establish a claim on her stronger than the rest of the world may share; he should never pay her compliments, or make tender speeches; he has no right to try and assert a lover's privileges if he does not come forward boldly as her lover in the sight of the world.

He should not visit at her house more frequently than an ordinary acquaintance might do; he should not make her little presents, or ask her to take walks with him alone, or establish a confidential relationship between herself and him to which the rest of the world is not admitted.

If he sees that a girl regards himself with particular interest, an interest deeper than she accords to the rest of the world, he should be particularly careful. He has no right to encourage and foster that interest if he is not prepared to return it.

Men are easily flattered—too easily so, alas! They are apt to forget, in the gratification of feeling that they have a girl's liking and could have even more if they chose, that they are guilty of cowardice and unmanliness in letting a girl bestow on them what she would most probably withhold if she knew how little it was likely to be returned.

It is so easy to create false impressions about intentions; so hard to wipe out the almost incalculable harm and suffering that may be caused by them. Surely, if a man has any chivalry about him, he will avoid such creating, even more for the girl's sake than for his own.

A SPLENDID NATURAL REMEDY FREE.

A THOROUGH TEST INVITED.

We suppose you prefer facts to fiction? Facts are stubborn!

We therefore request that you submit the greatest and most agreeable remedy the world has ever produced to an actual demonstration of its sterling merits.

We don't want any half measures; we invite a thorough test.

You are not asked to incur any responsibility or expense.

You may rest assured that KUTNOW'S improved effervescent Carlsbad POWDER is no ordinary remedy, otherwise it would not have been prescribed to the Royal Family.

We do not claim that it is a cure-all, from housemaid's knee to impecuniosity! But we will define what it will do:

First, it will clear off every atom of poisonous and putrefying matter which lies stored up in the bowels.

It will accomplish this gently, painlessly, and without griping.

Secondly, it clears the sour stomach, sweetens the breath, and promotes the flow of the gastric juice, thereby insuring good digestion.

Thirdly, as Dr. Andrew Wilson emphatically declares, it will prove highly beneficial in Liver and Kidney troubles, thereby removing biliousness and bladder troubles.

Fourthly, it will, on the authority of the "Medical Times," clear away Pimples, Boils, and Skin Eruptions by purifying the blood.

Fifthly, it will, if persevered in, brace up the nerves like bars of steel, banish headaches and insomnia, and prevent mental despondency.

In conclusion, we don't ask you to accept these statements as facts without proof. The proof lies in your own hands by sending at once for the Powder, free of charge.

Take a dessert-spoonful early in the morning, before breakfast, in a tumblerful of fresh-drawn spring water. A cup of Hot Tea 15 minutes later will hasten its beneficial action. It will be found exhilarating, cooling, refreshing, and invigorating. Headaches and Stomach sourness disappear like magic, the Liver is stimulated, the Bile cleared, the Kidneys cleared, and the Bowels cleansed.

One of the plainest facts possible to those who are willing to be convinced is a practical personal test.

Accept at once then, the common-sense proposition, and send for KUTNOW'S POWDER, free and post paid, try it, and if you approve of it, then buy it whenever you require it.

NOTE.—KUTNOW'S POWDER can be obtained at any Chemist or Medicine Vendors at 2/9 per bottle, or post free from Kutnow's London Office for 3/- to any place in the United Kingdom.

Beware of accepting any suggested substitute; if the dealer suggests anything else which he says is "just as good," then leave the shop, and pass your order on to a respectable chemist, who honours the truth. All imitations are worthless and injurious.

AN EMINENT SPECIALIST'S REPORT.

April 3, 1901.

The great surgeon Prof. Lawson Tait, M.D., himself a sufferer, a gouty diathesis, was not only one of the world's greatest surgeons, but an able and all-round physician, a skilful therapeutist. For years he found Kutnow's Powder of great value to him personally and in his practice, and this remedy is one of the few he conspicuously endorsed over his own signature. He realised, as all careful, observing practitioners do, that it is necessary to cleanse the system frequently, to remove débris left by undigested food, hasten the elimination of uric acid, to properly guard against serious diseases.

Kutnow's Powder stimulates the activities of the bowels and kidneys. A dessert spoonful in a tumblerful of water immediately on arising in the morning cleans out the bowels, dilutes the urine, and flushes out the kidneys in a most satisfactory way.

Thorough elimination is salvation, and there is no better eliminator than Kutnow's Powder.

I. N. LOVE, M.D.,
Professor of Clinical Medical Diseases of Children, and Hygiene, Marion-Sims College of Medicine and College of Physicians and Surgeons.

APPLICATION FORM.

To obtain KUTNOW'S POWDER free of charge this form must be filled in and sent on to

S. KUTNOW & CO. LTD., 41 FARRINGDON RD., LONDON, E.C.

Name _____

Address _____

_____

Name of paper: *Pearson's Weekly.*

The CERTAIN CURE for INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, KIDNEY DISEASE, BLADDER TROUBLES, URIC ACID, GOUT, and RHEUMATISM.

PROPRIETORS: S. KUTNOW & CO. LTD., 41 FARRINGDON ROAD, LONDON, E.C.
Proprietors in U.S.A.: Kutnow Bros. Ltd., 853 Broadway, New York.

ISOBEL *will be glad to answer questions of general interest upon household matters, so far as space permits. A pretty pencil-case will be given to each reader whose inquiry is dealt with on this page. Envelopes should be marked* HOME NOTES.

Never Furnish a north or east room with blue or any cold colour.

Those who Bake at Home and wish to have very nourishing bread, should add one pound of pea-meal to every fourteen pounds of flour.

For Cleaning a Hair Brush use a weak solution of soda water; when tepid shake the bristles in it they will be cleaned without being weakened.

A Simple Remedy for Indigestion is the white of an egg beaten to a stiff froth and stirred into a wineglassful of cold water. This should be taken after each meal.

Tolu Liqueur is the only recipe I can find of the description you require. Set one ounce of tolu balsam in one quart of rectified spirit, add three pints of water, filter through blotting paper and then add nearly two pounds of lump sugar. (*Reply to* ROSA.)

Savoury Thick Gravy is always needed for a hash. Make it by frying a minced onion in butter or dripping, to a dark brown colour. Stir in one ounce of flour; stir well, then add half a pint of stock, pepper and salt to taste with a little ketchup. Stir while it boils five minutes, then strain and use.

For Improving the Skin, make the following soap and use it for the face and hands. Procure two ounces of Venice soap and dissolve it in the same quantity of lemon juice. To these ingredients add one ounce of oil of bitter almonds and the same quantity of oil of tartar. Amalgamate the whole well together till it acquires the consistency of soap and use it as such for the hands and face. (*Reply to* WHEWELL.)

Delicious Gooseberry Pudding. Stew the fruit gently till it will pulp, then beat it up. To every pint of pulp add a quarter of a pound of sugar, two beaten eggs, one ounce of butter and a quarter of a pound of fine white breadcrumbs. Mix all thoroughly except the eggs, which should not be added till the mixture is cool, and then stir it in thoroughly. Line the edges of a pie-dish with short paste, put in the mixture and bake for half-an-hour. Strew a little sifted sugar over the pudding before serving.

To be Ignorant of things we ought to know is a very serious fault. Many people, no doubt, are not aware of the very many useful and invaluable hints they can obtain by purchasing a copy of HOME NOTES every week, price 1d. It contains some very useful and interesting articles on "Furniture and Furnishing," "Cookery," "Dressmaking," "Science and the Toilet," etc., etc., facts about which every woman ought to know. Why be ignorant any longer when you can obtain so much for such a small sum?

To Clean Ivory Ornaments scrub the articles with a soft brush and soapy water, and stand in the sunshine to dry. As soon as all the moisture has disappeared throw some soapsuds over them and dry as before. Repeat the operation for two or three days, when a final washing will remove all discolouration. When time is a consideration, or the weather is very sunless, immerse the articles for a short time in water containing a little sulphurous acid or chloride of lime. N.B.—Remember that both these chemicals burn the skin, and so must be handled with caution. (*Reply to* MISS N.)

To Clean a Bedstead try sponging every part of it with alum and water.

Wooden Bedsteads now so fashionable should be wiped at this time of year with spirits of naphtha or turpentine.

In Purchasing Tinned Goods always look whether the head of the can is concave, a bulging appearance being indicative of decomposition.

Fly Catchers may be made as follows. Boil linseed oil with a little resin until it forms a viscid, stringy paste when cold. Spread upon a thick string by means of a brush. (*Reply to* NEMO.)

Lemonade Powder. Rub two drachms of tartaric acid, three and a half ounces of sugar and five drops of oil of lemon well together in a china or stone mortar. When thoroughly mixed place in a stoppered bottle for use. For a refreshing drink add a teaspoonful of powder to half-a-pint of water.

Opaque Jelly. One pint of new milk, a teaspoonful of brandy, three or four lumps of sugar, and half an ounce of best isinglass. Place the sugar, milk, and isinglass in an enamelled sauce-pan and stir over a slow fire till both sugar and isinglass are dissolved, taking great care that the milk does not boil. When a little cool, add the brandy and a few drops of lemon juice, pour into a wetted mould, and set in a cool place. To serve, pour stewed fruit round.

To Clean Oil Paintings. Take some old potatoes, and peel carefully. After rubbing the potato over the painting (with very little water) a slice should be cut off and the rubbing continued. As you go on, the lather should be wiped off with a very clean, very soft, wet sponge. When the whole surface has been thoroughly rubbed, the painting should be well washed with lukewarm water, and then rubbed with cotton wool, which will remove all dirt. Finally polish by gently rubbing with a fine silk handkerchief. (*Reply to* BRUCE.)

Savoy Mould. Take three quarters of a pound of cold minced meat, and the same quantity of boiled rice, a teaspoonful each of powdered herbs, parsley and anchovy sauce, Worcester sauce, chopped mixed pickle, two eggs, pepper, salt and cayenne to taste. First mix all the dry ingredients together, stir in a gill of rich gravy, beat the eggs thoroughly and add to the mixture. Grease a pudding basin, line it with breadcrumbs and pack in the meat, etc. Place a piece of buttered paper over the top and steam one and a quarter hours. Turn out to serve, and garnish with a mixture of any boiled vegetables preferred. Pour a good gravy over the mould, and scatter chopped capers on it. (*Reply to* APPLETART.)

Athol Brose. I am very grateful to all those correspondents who have sent me recipes, and I here give three, hoping that one will prove what you require. It is evident that Athol Brose varies according to the districts in which it is made. (1) Take honey, cream, and whisky in quantities to suit individual taste and convenience. Stir all very thoroughly together, and serve in small glasses. (2) First take a tablespoonful of ground oatmeal and stir it into a tumbler of cold water. Put a tablespoonful of honey into a bowl, stir it thoroughly into a little of the oatmeal water, then add a dessertspoonful of milk, stirring thoroughly. Add next three glasses of toddy whisky, turn into a fancy bowl, leaving oatmeal grounds and coarse honey at the bottom. (3) Put a wineglassful of whisky into a tumbler holding half a pint, sweeten with a large teaspoonful of honey, and fill up with milk that has nearly boiled, remembering that "Milk boiled is milk spoiled." (*Reply to* FORSYTH.)

Green Gooseberry Jam. If you have not a copper preserving pan make your preserve in an enamel-lined saucepan. Having picked the fruit, weigh it, and to every pound of gooseberries allow twelve ounces of preserving sugar and a pint of water, which, without the fruit, put in the pan. When the sugar has melted place the pan on the fire. Allow the whole to boil up, and, as it is on the point of doing so, stir in the whites of two eggs, which have been previously beaten. Keep the syrup at this heat but on no account allow it to boil over, rather add a little cold water. When the scum begins to rise remove the pan to one side so that the scum may be taken off. Having done this pour the liquid portion quickly away, leaving the sediment behind. Set the fruit in the syrup, simmer till it appears clear and break it with a wooden spoon. The jam should be placed in pots in the usual way, the top being tied over with parchment which has been brushed over with white of egg and tied on while the pots are still hot. (*Reply to* JUDIE.)

Isobel

HOW MUCH POCKET-MONEY SHOULD WE ALLOW OUR CHILDREN?

THERE is nothing more vital to the future material well-being of a child than a proper sense of the use and abuse of money. Parents would do well, therefore, to consider most carefully the above question, for a mistaken kindness in this direction may have a very bad effect upon the morals and character of the rising generation.

There are thousands of parents with numerous families who find it as much as they can do to allow their children a penny or twopence per week, and probably this amount, small as it is, gives more real pleasure to the child than if a shilling more or less was of no consequence.

We will take the case of those, however, a little better circumstanced, and in a position to make their children a weekly allowance of a more pretentious character. We firmly believe that it is a good thing to have a fixed sum, and on no account to allow the child to draw beyond that sum. Neither should it be drawn except weekly, if the children are not away at school. The little rascals sometimes try to "sub" a few coppers in mid-week. This propensity should be most sternly discouraged where it exists, for the effect is demoralising in the extreme.

There is another point of importance. Parents sometimes allow their children more pocket-money than is good for them, and, indeed, more than the parents can afford, simply because Mrs. So-and-so's children have a similar amount, and there is an idea that the children will be looked down upon unless they have the same as others.

This is a most unsound practice on the face of it, and parents should not allow themselves to be drawn into it by a false sense of pride, or by the cajolement of the children.

It is also a bad system to give the children pocket-money "to keep them quiet," or, "to get them out of the way." Children are very observant, and not easily deceived, and when they discover that they have only to make themselves more or less of a nuisance to be "bought off," they develop a general course of conduct, which is unpleasant to the parents, and fatal to the good government of a household.

Children should always understand why they are allowed money. The following instance is an absolute fact. A little boy ran to his mother one day and said, "Oh, mamma, when can we have another funeral?"

"A funeral, Freddy?" said the mother in astonishment.

"Yes mamma, 'cause I got half-a-crown gived me when gran'ma was buried." The little chap was consequently looking forward to another funeral.

Another important point with regard to children's pocket-money is that there should be no favouritism. There should be a scale according to age and conduct, and this scale like the law of the Medes and Persians, should be unalterable.

All these points should be carefully considered before deciding upon an amount. With regard to this, it is largely a question of what the parents can afford, but it by no means follows that the allowance should be large, because the parents have a good income.

It is a most unwise course to fill the mind of a child with any silly notions "of keeping up a position." It will often be found that parents in very high positions are careful not to allow lavish amounts to their children as pocket money, and it is a grand thing to teach children not to attempt to be greater or richer than they really are.

Coming to the question of amount, we should advise those parents who can afford it, or even more, to allow children up to seven years of age sixpence per week, and from thence to fourteen years of age, one shilling per week. By that time parents will be well able to judge how much it is wise to entrust to their children, "to do as they like with." This pocket-money question has much to do with the formation of character, and the sums above mentioned, although they may seem small to some, are quite sufficient to give the child the pleasure of spending money and the proper use thereof. For if the parents can afford more, it is easy to employ other small sums in occasional presents.

It is, of course, the parents' duty to see that even a small allowance of pocket-money is not spent foolishly. At the same time they should guard against making the child's pocket money more a source of unhappiness than pleasure. The child should not be "nattered" at and warned not to buy this, or that, things probably which he or she had not thought of buying.

Pocket-money allowance should be given without needless restrictions. We do not advise the "missionary box," or the box for "Homes," as a condition of the grant of pocket-money. There should be no compulsion in matters of this kind. The children should be taught and told the story of missionary work, and the good work done for poorer children in various institutions.

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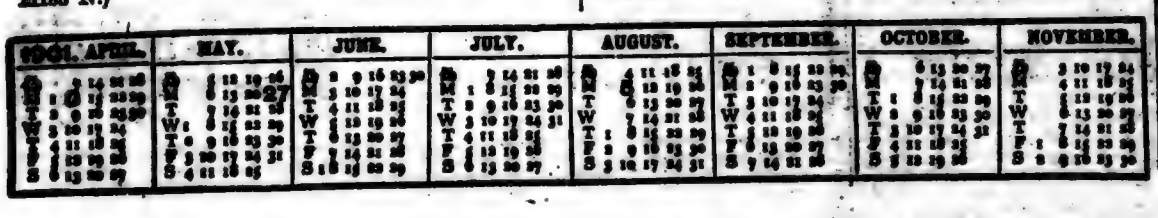

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USED IN THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL NURSERY.

The Communication Cord.

A pencil-case will be awarded to each person whose letter is dealt with on this page, or whose suggestion for a title is used.

INQUISITIVE has been making a careful study during the past five years of people who s'ammer, and has arrived at the startling conclusion that 90 per cent of them have fair hair. He now wants to know why dark-haired people are not subject to this complaint. ———Reference to some hundreds of tomes in the editorial library has failed to unearth any good reason why fair people stammer more than dark, consequently we may assume one of two things: either that INQUISITIVE is wrong in his observations, or, that he is not right. Five years is a long time to cover in counting all the people who stammer whom one meets, and it is quite possible that some serious miscalculation has taken place. This is unfortunate, because it spoils what would otherwise be an exciting and entirely original fact.

J. J., while playing cards the other evening, had a glass of—well, let us say, milk—on the table at his right-hand side. In turning sharply he accidentally knocked it off, and caught it again before it reached the floor, and none of the contents was spilt. He wants to know if he holds the record for unpremeditated juggling performances.————Well, yes.

A. J. B. writes from Burma: "Seeing in your issue of May 20th a letter *re* the use of the rule on your cover, I think the following may, perhaps, interest a few of your readers. In 1897, after punishing the Utman Kels, Mamunds, and Buner tribes, my regiment, 'The Buffs,' was ordered to Khar to make up with other regiments the 'Swat Valley Moveable Column.' Our orders were to be ready to march, on a light scale, to any portion of the frontier where there might be a likelihood of another flare-up, at six hours' notice. We had been in camp a little over a week when at twelve mid-day we got an order to parade next morning at four a.m. to march to a village seven miles distant just to let the friendly (?) natives see that we were alive. We had to take a blanket, water-proof sheet, and a change, all to be in the blanket rolled three feet long, for mule transport. Now, the mule packing ropes are eighteen inches apart, so if the kits were over the given dimensions they would droop at the ends, if under, they would fall through the ropes. At five in the evening when it got cool we started to pack our kits, and all went well till a few heated arguments arose as to whose kits were the proper length. Half the kits were stacked, when I remembered that there was a foot rule on the cover of *P.W.*, of which I had two copies. I at once forked them out and settled the question by laying it on three times. You, perhaps, would hardly credit the fact that when I had settled the point a lot of them were rather displeased than otherwise. However, thanks to *P.W.*, our bundles were uniform in length—a thing which could not be said of other companies' kits—when the General inspected them next day. I might add that those who didn't appreciate *P.W.*'s rules were the men who had packed their kits when I appeared with the paper."

DUNDEE doesn't get on very well with the natives of that bonnie city, as he says they talk about "feeling a smell," which quite gets on his Southern grammatical nerves. Even Town Councillors, M.P.s, and other educated—the expression is his own—persons persist in using the phrase, he says, and he is in a minority of one in his view that you don't feel a smell. ————I am sorry to hear, for the sake of Dundee citizens, that they have apparently such constant use for the phrase, as I had hoped to visit that city this summer; but, apart from sanitary considerations, I must associate myself with them in the grammatical controversy. You certainly do feel a smell, as smell is a sense, and a sense is a feeling. We don't talk about "feeling a smell" down South, but perhaps our sanitary conditions do not compel us to be quite so strong in our expressions.

A CYCLIST ran over a dog the other day, and on apologising to the owner he was informed that the dog had more right to the road than cyclists had, as he paid a tax for his dog while cyclists did not for their machines. ————This is a very refreshing view to take of the dog versus bicycle question; but that is its only redeeming feature. On this basis one might argue that a dog had more right to sleep in the baby's cradle, because its owner paid a tax for it, while he did not pay a tax for the baby.

THE cycle club of which JICK is an honoured and respected member is squirming with indignation at the action of one of its sub-captains. This very original individual, amid the cheers of his comrades, departed to a neighbouring town to race. In the evening he came back with a large silver medal with gold centre, which he had engraved. This medal he said he had won in a five mile scratch race. A week later he produced another medal, and with many flourishes said that he had received it from the Committee, for racing so well. "Then," says JICK, "we became suspicious, for he was not much of a rider, and on writing to the committee in question they informed us that no sports whatever had been held on that day. We now ask your opinion as to what ought to be done, for this strange behaviour has got our club a bad name."————There is often a strange kink in the brain of a man which leads him to do strange things. Possibly the sub-captain in question has been for months and months burning with desire to do something that would blazon his name on the books of the cycle club in letters of gold. The course he adopted is praiseworthy only in its ingenuity. It must have been costly—unless he is in the medallion business. Of course, if the name of the club is dragged in the mud as the result of an action of one of its members, there can surely be no alternative but to politely and firmly call upon that member to resign. If he does not answer to the call, then naturally the male members would be justified in doing to him what he has done to the name of the club.

SOME kind friends in South Africa have sent me a few Kruger coins, which I shall be pleased to distribute amongst the contributors of the FRESH AIR FUND. I have four half-crowns, two florins and four one shilling pieces. Two sets, each consisting of one half-crown, one florin and one shilling, will be given to the two readers who make the best sentence, using not more than twelve words, out of the words to be found in the subscription list. The senders of the next two best will each receive a Kruger half-crown and a shilling. All attempts must reach the office by Tuesday, July 9th, and must be accompanied by three penny stamps. The money received in this way will, of course, be considered as the result of the interest displayed by the South African readers, who so kindly sent along the coins. The two senders of the next two best attempts will each receive a Kruger half-crown, and the senders of the next two each a Kruger shilling.

IT is not so rare, after all, for a person to be able to spell backwards and forwards with equal facility. Several correspondents claim to be able to do this as well as V. S. There is one reader, who has a brother and a friend who frequently speak what to an outsider would seem to be a strange foreign language. As a matter-of-fact, they simply speak the words backwards, that is, each word is pronounced as though it were spelt backwards. Another correspondent, a dear old gentleman of seventy-nine, cannot talk backwards or spell backwards, but he assures me that from his earliest boyhood he has been able to repeat the alphabet backwards as quickly as he can forwards, and for my information writes down the letters in their reverse order, finally calling my attention to the fact that "It rhymes, you will perceive!"

I certainly thought that F. H.'s sixteen consecutive years of married life without the interchange of a single letter between husband and wife was unbeatable. But dear me, no! I have received at least half-a-dozen letters in which married people can go more than one better. Mrs. R. G., for example, has been married for thirty-one years, and during the whole of that time she had never been on a holiday or spent one night away from her husband's roof. Consequently, this couple have never had occasion to write to one another. Another instance is that of a couple who married in 1866 and have only on one occasion spent one night away from their home. No letters passed between them during their courtship, and of course, none afterwards. Finally, Mrs. F. H. (not the wife of the original F. H.) has been married thirty-seven years, and never wrote or received a letter from her husband all that time. Moreover, they had been married twenty years before they received a letter, as their friends were all within easy walking distance. One of her daughters, however, has a different story to tell, for when she left home last February as a girl of twenty, her love letters weighed four pounds, and when one of her sons married, the combined love letters of himself and his wife made two large sofa pillows!

SOME rather interesting reading concerning reasons why you should not contribute to the FRESH AIR FUND will be found on another page of this paper.

NINEPENNY MONDAY was a huge success. Over £80 was delivered at these offices on Monday, June 17th, in envelopes each containing one or more ninepences. Readers have responded most nobly, and, thanks to their generosity, over 2,000 children will be made happier. So huge a success sorely tempts me to repeat the experiment; but I do not want to tire readers by continually dunning them for money. I think the best thing to do would be to make NINEPENNY MONDAY an annual institution, and to fix it for the third Monday in June every year.

MANY friends have been kind enough to send sufficient money to pay for a full party of children, viz: 200, and below are some of the dates on which the various batches of children will be taken to Loughton: July 3rd is the "Markinch Contingent Day"; July 5th, "Mamie's Day"; July 8th, "Jim's Day"; July 10th, "Beverley Day"; and on July 11th, a contingent of children will have their treat, which is paid for by the "G" Company, West Kent Regiment.

Amount previously acknowledged, £1,182 15s. 2d.

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The Communication Cord.

A pencil-case will be awarded to each person whose letter is dealt with on this page, or whose suggestion for a title is used.

INQUISITIVE has been making a careful study during the past five years of people who s'ammer, and has arrived at the startling conclusion that 90 per cent of them have fair hair. He now wants to know why dark-haired people are not subject to this complaint. ——Reference to some hundreds of tomes in the editorial library has failed to unearth any good reason why fair people stammer more than dark, consequently we may assume one of two things: either that INQUISITIVE is wrong in his observations, or, that he is not right. Five years is a long time to cover in counting all the people who stammer whom one meets, and it is quite possible that some serious miscalculation has taken place. This is unfortunate, because it spoils what would otherwise be an exciting and entirely original fact.

J. J., while playing cards the other evening, had a glass of—well, let us say, milk—on the table at his right-hand side. In turning sharply he accidentally knocked it off, and caught it again before it reached the floor, and none of the contents was spilt. He wants to know if he holds the record for unpremeditated juggling performances.——Well, yes.

A. J. B. writes from Burma: "Seeing in your issue of May 20th a letter *re* the use of the rule on your cover, I think the following may, perhaps, interest a few of your readers. In 1897, after punishing the Utman Kels, Mamunds, and Buner tribes, my regiment, 'The Buffs,' was ordered to Khar to make up with other regiments the 'Swat Valley Moveable Column.' Our orders were to be ready to march, on a light scale, to any portion of the frontier where there might be a likelihood of another flare-up, at six hours' notice. We had been in camp a little over a week when at twelve mid-day we got an order to parade next morning at four a.m. to march to a village seven miles distant just to let the friendly (?) natives see that we were alive. We had to take a blanket, water-proof sheet, and a change, all to be in the blanket rolled three feet long, for mule transport. Now, the mule packing ropes are eighteen inches apart, so if the kits were over the given dimensions they would droop at the ends, if under, they would fall through the ropes. At five in the evening when it got cool we started to pack our kits, and all went well till a few heated arguments arose as to whose kits were the proper length. Half the kits were stacked, when I remembered that there was a foot rule on the cover of *P.W.*, of which I had two copies. I at once forked them out and settled the question by laying it on three times. You, perhaps, would hardly credit the fact that when I had settled the point a lot of them were rather displeased than otherwise. However, thanks to *P.W.*, our bundles were uniform in length—a thing which could not be said of other companies' kits—when the General inspected them next day. I might add that those who didn't appreciate *P.W.*'s rules were the men who had packed their kits when I appeared with the paper."

DUNDEE doesn't get on very well with the natives of that bonnie city, as he says they talk about "feeling a smell," which quite gets on his Southern grammatical nerves. Even Town Councillors, M.P.s, and other educated—the expression is his own—persons persist in using the phrase, he says, and he is in a minority of one in his view that you don't feel a smell. ——I am sorry to hear, for the sake of Dundee citizens, that they have apparently such constant use for the phrase, as I had hoped to visit that city this summer; but, apart from sanitary considerations, I must associate myself with them in the grammatical controversy. You certainly do feel a smell, as smell is a sense, and a sense is a feeling. We don't talk about "feeling a smell" down South, but perhaps our sanitary conditions do not compel us to be quite so strong in our expressions.

A CYCLIST ran over a dog the other day, and on apologising to the owner he was informed that the dog had more right to the road than cyclists had, as he paid a tax for his dog while cyclists did not for their machines. ——This is a very refreshing view to take of the dog versus bicycle question; but that is its only redeeming feature. On this basis one might argue that a dog had more right to sleep in the baby's cradle, because its owner paid a tax for it, while he did not pay a tax for the baby.

THE cycle club of which JICK is an honoured and respected member is squirming with indignation at the action of one of its sub-captains. This very original individual, amid the cheers of his comrades, departed to a neighbouring town to race. In the evening he came back with a large silver medal with gold centre, which he had engraved. This medal he said he had won in a five mile scratch race. A week later he produced another medal, and with many flourishes said that he had received it from the Committee, for racing so well. "Then," says JICK, "we became suspicious, for he was not much of a rider, and on writing to the committee in question they informed us that no sports whatever had been held on that day. We now ask your opinion as to what ought to be done, for this strange behaviour has got our club a bad name."——There is often a strange kink in the brain of a man which leads him to do strange things. Possibly the sub-captain in question has been for months and months burning with desire to do something that would blazon his name on the books of the cycle club in letters of gold. The course he adopted is praiseworthy only in its ingenuity. It must have been costly—unless he is in the medallion business. Of course, if the name of the club is dragged in the mud as the result of an action of one of its members, there can surely be no alternative but to politely and firmly call upon that member to resign. If he does not answer to the call, then naturally the male members would be justified in doing to him what he has done to the name of the club.

SOME kind friends in South Africa have sent me a few Kruger coins, which I shall be pleased to distribute amongst the contributors of the FRESH AIR FUND. I have four half-crowns, two florins and four one shilling pieces. Two sets, each consisting of one half-crown, one florin and one shilling, will be given to the two readers who make the best sentence, using not more than twelve words, out of the words to be found in the subscription list. The senders of the next two best will each receive a Kruger half-crown and a shilling. All attempts must reach the office by Tuesday, July 9th, and must be accompanied by three penny stamps. The money received in this way will, of course, be considered as the result of the interest displayed by the South African readers, who so kindly sent along the coins. The two senders of the next two best attempts will each receive a Kruger half-crown, and the senders of the next two each a Kruger shilling.

IT is not so rare, after all, for a person to be able to spell backwards and forwards with equal facility. Several correspondents claim to be able to do this as well as V. S. There is one reader, who has a brother and a friend who frequently speak what to an outsider would seem to be a strange foreign language. As a matter-of-fact, they simply speak the words backwards, that is, each word is pronounced as though it were spelt backwards. Another correspondent, a dear old gentleman of seventy-nine, cannot talk backwards or spell backwards, but he assures me that from his earliest boyhood he has been able to repeat the alphabet backwards as quickly as he can forwards, and for my information writes down the letters in their reverse order, finally calling my attention to the fact that "It rhymes, you will perceive!"

I certainly thought that F. H.'s sixteen consecutive years of married life without the interchange of a single letter between husband and wife was unbeatable. But dear me, no! I have received at least half-a-dozen letters in which married people can go more than one better. Mrs. R. G., for example, has been married for thirty-one years, and during the whole of that time she had never been on a holiday or spent one night away from her husband's roof. Consequently, this couple have never had occasion to write to one another. Another instance is that of a couple who married in 1866 and have only on one occasion spent one night away from their home. No letters passed between them during their courtship, and of course, none afterwards. Finally, Mrs. F. H. (not the wife of the original F. H.) has been married thirty-seven years, and never wrote or received a letter from her husband all that time. Moreover, they had been married twenty years before they received a letter, as their friends were all within easy walking distance. One of her daughters, however, has a different story to tell, for when she left home last February as a girl of twenty, her love letters weighed four pounds, and when one of her sons married, the combined love letters of himself and his wife made two large sofa pillows!

SOME rather interesting reading concerning reasons why you should not contribute to the FRESH AIR FUND will be found on another page of this paper.

NINEPENNY MONDAY was a huge success. Over £80 was delivered at these offices on Monday, June 17th, in envelopes each containing one or more ninepences. Readers have responded most nobly, and, thanks to their generosity, over 2,000 children will be made happier. So huge a success sorely tempts me to repeat the experiment; but I do not want to tire readers by continually dunning them for money. I think the best thing to do would be to make NINEPENNY MONDAY an annual institution, and to fix it for the third Monday in June every year.

MANY friends have been kind enough to send sufficient money to pay for a full party of children, viz: 200, and below are some of the dates on which the various batches of children will be taken to Loughton: July 3rd is the "Markinch Contingent Day"; July 5th, "Mamie's Day"; July 8th, "Jim's Day"; July 10th, "Beverley Day"; and on July 11th, a contingent of children will have their treat, which is paid for by the "G" Company, West Kent Regiment.

Amount previously acknowledged, £1,182 12s. 2d.

Anon., 2s. 6d.; E. F. Bordugust, £2 2s.; M. and H. B., 1s. 6d.; Anon., 5s.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; An Anonymous Donor, 1s. 6d.; Mr. and Miss Bedcock, 1s. 6d.; M. Kennard, 9s.; M. L. K., 9d.; Anon., 4s.; E. A. Verney, 2s.; Oxford, 1s. 6d.; We Two, 1s. 6d.; For Christie's Sake, 5s.; Baby, 1s. 6d.; S. Y. E. S. and D. Chapman, 7s. 3d.; A. W. and E. F., 2s.; Eileen Ogl, 1s. 6d.; P. J. Paterson, 6s.; Kit Gard-s Thomson, 1s.; R. of L., 1s.; Y. W. Brown, 1s. 3d.; W. Miller, £2; G. T. B., £1 1s.; Sis, Beat, and Rich, 3s.; Anon. (Croydon), 9d.; B. Bray, 1s. 6d.; Anon., 4s. 6d.; M. D. D., 2s.; M. N., 10s. 6d.; A Sergeant of Royal Garrison Artillery, 10s.; M. Davis, 2s. 6d.; Queenie Ryall, 3s.; From a Friend, £1; A Hopeless Case, 8s. 4d.; Anon., 9d.; C. F. Close, £3; Cynic, 1s.; D. E. F., 2s.; Miss J. Brown, 10s.; C. Wright, £5; Emps Vanheems and Wheeler, 5s.; W. Horton, 1s.; Little Kathleen Clarke, 2s. 6d.; E. C. Tester, 2s.; Bessinilda, 1s.; "Whiskers," 1s. 6d.; G. E. S., 1s.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; F. Turner, 1s.; Gretton, 3s.; Y. G. Reece, 5s.; Miss Gilbert, 5s. 3d.; J. Sutton, £1; Two Lassies, 10s.; M. Harrison, 10s.; A. F. Craig, 10s.; Anon., 2s.; F. Quay, 5s.; T. Robertson, 3s.; R. S. Hunter, £5; E. Lee, 1s. 2d.; H. C. P. Acton, 5s.; G. B. H., 5s.; Mrs. B. Cherriman, 10s.; Anon., 9d.; J. King, £1 1s.; Mrs. McBurnie, 5s.; Anon., £5; M. H. F. Loran, 5s. 3d.; F. Hellam, 4d.; A. Clark, 2s.; W. Briscoe, 9d.; An Old Subscriber, 1s. 6d.; E. P. Moorhouse, £1 1s.; A Happy Bride, 5s.; J. Prescher, 1s.; G. Gillus, 1s.; Photo., 6d.; A Widow's Mite, 4s. 6d.; Cope, 1s.; Mrs. H. Colman, 1s.; J. Round, 9d.; Oban, 10s.; A Friend, 3d.; Capt. T. Bigge, 10s.; Spiritualist, 10s.; Bab, 2s.; Anon., 3s.; Mrs. Rogers, 9d.; J. Birth, 5s.; P. Hetherington, 1s.; L. Joseph, 10s.; Golfers (Gullane), 4s. 6d.; M. R. Boyle, 5s.; W. Maisey, 9d.; J. Jeffery, 5s.; H. Gidney, 1s.; W. Woodruff, 1s. 6d.; W. and E. Penfold-Dixon, 10s.; V. C., 2s.; J. Emmanuel, 2s.; F. C. (Ilford), 3s. 3d.; Anon., 2s.; The Twins, 3d.; Major Thurlow, 10s.; F. C. H., 3s.; Mrs. Turner, 2s. 2d.; W. Jago, 3s.; Mother's Birthday, 10s.; B. H., 9d.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; Prentice, J. J., 1s. 6d.; A Friend, 1s.; S. H. Fuller, £1; Mrs. Warren, 2s. 6d.; A Gardener, 7s. 6d.; A Friend (Glasgow), 2s. 6d.; F. C. and B. L., 10s.; A Scottish Dairymaid, 2s.; Mrs. J. Harding, 2s.; Mrs. McLaren, 5s.; T. L. Ramsey, 2s.; E. A. P., 1s.; Anon., 5s.; Langton Rectory, 5s.; F. Collinge, 9d.; Mrs. M. Herdman, £5; K. W. and D., 10s.; Three Transvaal Friends, £1 5s.; J. J. Compton, 10s.; F. Capel, 1s. 6d.; A. G. S., 9d.; H. H. S. and G. C. K., per C. T. S., £2; Anon., 9d.; W. A. Mittelholzer, 5s.; C. Wallington, £18 15s.; Mrs. Douglas, 2s.; Mrs. Palmer, 10s.; A Swansea Friend, 3s.; L. W. Allison, 9d.; Mrs. Thomson, 5s. 6d.; Mrs. Soundy, 5s.; R. E. E. Spencer, £1; Mr. McK., 4d.; F. Gibson, 2s. 6d.; F. A. Gardner, 1s.; W. Roycroft, 1s.; A. Davies, 1s.; R. Thurgood, 1s. 6d.; Anon. (Bristol), 1s. 6d.; J. G. G., 3s.; Anon., 9d.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; MacTodd, J. H. & N. H., 6s.; W. C. S., 3s.; R. Adams, 9d.; A. M. C. and L. M. C. and T. E. F., 2s. 3d.; Anon., 1s.; May Norton, 2s. 3d.; Shamrock, 1s. 6d.; Mrs. Wheeler, 10s.; Anon., 1s.; H. E. W., 10s.; R. A. M., 1s. 6d.; T. Price, 2s. 3d.; K., 7s. 6d.; St. Agnes, 2s. 6d.; L. D., 9d.; Mrs. F. Reed, 10s. 6d.; Mr. and Mrs. Gaskell, £2 2s.; Anon. (Dawlish), 2s.; Miss Collier, 1s.; Minna, 1s. 6d.; A. J. Watkin, 2s. 9d.; J. B. Mackintosh, 10s.; Anon., 2s.; Mrs. Williams, 9d.; Anon. (Oldham), 10s.; L. Wilmott, 1s. 6d.; A. Bailey, 1s. 2d.; A. Nevell, 10s.; Minie and Nora, 1s. 6d.; Anon., 5s.; Anon., 5s.; Una, 9d.; F. E. Beates (W. Africa), 2s. 3d.; M. Connor, 9d.; Mrs. H. Loynes, 11s.; M. E. Smith, 6s.; W. Jones, 1s.

COLLECTED: A. C. Morton, 10s.; E. L. Robinson, £2 5s.; E. Goode, 1s. 6d.; E. MacInnis Shaw, 6s.; Friends at Richmond, 10s.; J. F. Gee, 10s. 2d.; D. Johnson, 3s. 10d.; W. Cook, 1s. 6d.; A. H. Claybury, £1 3s.; B. B., 3s. 6d.; G. P. Streeter, 10s.; H. C. Ascough, 6s. 2d.; J. Tossell, 10s.; T. Cadman, 13s. 6d.; P. E. Tester, 10s.; G. D. and Co's Packers, per G. Bell, 10s.; Staff, Hotel Majestic, 6s. 6d.; Tunnel Yard Painters, 1s. 9d.; Mrs. J. P. Harding-Duraley, £4 6s. 6d.; M. Smith, 9d.; Col.-Sergt. Reynolds, 5s.; E. T. (Canonbury Club), £1 1s.; W. Micawber, 6s. 1d.; D. Powell, 3s. 6d.; May Cleve, 2s. 3d.; H.M.S. *Starfish*, 3s.; Eileen and Dylis, 2s.; A Friend, 2s.; H.M.S. *Diadem*, 4s. 6d.; Doctor Simpson, 10s.; Richardson Westgarth and Co. Ltd. Offices, per T. W. W., 10s.; R. G. Zambra, 11s.; J. and M. Stephenson and J. Stone, £1 1s.; Col-Sergt. H. H. Jones (Jersey), 4s. 6d.; Col-Sergt. E. Babington Lechfield, £1; G. Major and N. Kessler, £1 3s. 7d.; Clifton Bank, per E. H., 6s.; Blyth (Northd.), per H. Foster, 11s. 9d.; B. Ferguson, M. Whyte, and L. Boyd, £1 10s. 6d.; Seaside Girls, per M. Power, 1s. 6d.; Staff and Employees of T. J. Marshall and Co., per J. H. N., 2s. 9d.; S. S. M. Grove, 21st E. of T. Lancers, 19s. 6d.; J. Joynes, 9d.; Heatherton Tennis Club, 16s.; N. Pelder, 3s.; J. Scott, 5s. 6d.; Lily and Bertie Aird, 3s. 6d.; A. Robertson, 1s. 6d.; F. A. Forest Bell, 11s. 6d.; Stokers of H.M.S. *Royal Adelaide*, 10s.; M. Pallin, 9s. 2d.; V. Boreham, 3s. 2d.; Mrs. Richardson and Nurse Wellington, £1 8s. 6d.; E. J. Howlett, 14s.; E. L. Staff, per M. Martin, 6s. 3d.; Messrs. Bradley and Sons, per C. N., £1 2s.; Mrs. Gretton, 3s.; H. W. Gilby, 10s.; H. Minnett, 2s. 9d.; Miller and Franklin's Employees, per S. W., 5s. 5d.; F. Schloss, 10s. 8d.; W. Lee Marson, 1s.; Corpl. G. Cox, R. E., Transvaal, 3s.; G. Cripps, 3s.; A. C. Morton, 10s.; "Reason" Competition, £1 1s. 10d.; "Dog" Competition, £3 3s. 8d.; "Trent" Competition, 5s. 1d.; G. Durham, 6s.; C. Milcham, 1s.; Kaffir Circus, 6s. 10d.; L. Doe and others, 10s.; G. W. Row, 10s.; F. G. Atkinson, 12s.; P. J., 3s.; A. Tippet, 5s.; A. Minnes, 1s. 3d.; W. Hinchleff, 2s.; Grand Hotel, Hastings, 10s.; A. Purley Fountain, 10s.; F. C. Jones, 10s.; M. G. Haywood, 10s.; H. Broomhall, 7s.; J. Jones and Friends, 7s. 6d.

Grand (P.W.) Total, £1,319 18s. 10½d.

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£2,000 will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger (including holders of season and excursion tickets, and post-office officials in any of the railway sorting vans, and railway servants travelling with pass or railway servants' ticket in an ordinary carriage), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on the first page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum will be paid to the legal representatives of such person injured, should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

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3 H.R.H. the Duke of Cornwall and York
4 H.R.H. the Duchess of Cornwall and York
5 Prince Edward
6 William II.
7 Nicholas II.
8 The Czarina of Russia
9 Victor Emmanuel III.
10 The Queen of Italy
11 Emperor of Austria
12 Emperor of Japan
13 Emperor of China
14 William McKinley
15 Emile Loubet
16 The Marquis of Salisbury, K.G.
17 Lord Curzon
18 The Rt. Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier
19 The Earl of Hopetoun
20 Sir Edmund Barton
21 Lord Cromer
22 William Ewart Gladstone
23 Disraeli
24 Prince Bismarck
25 The Earl of Kimberley
26 His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, K.G.
27 His Grace the Duke of Norfolk, K.G.
28 Viscount Goschen
29 His Grace the Duke of Westminster
30 The Earl of Selborne
31 The Earl of Rosebery, K.G.
32 The late Lord Randolph Churchill
33 The Speaker of the House of Commons
34 The Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour
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45 His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury
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OCCUPATIONS WHICH ARE NOT OVERCROWDED.

There is a Big Demand for Chemists and Electricians.

WHY will parents bring up their children to be clerks? It is more gentlemanly, forsooth, to drive a quill than to drive a waggon. The writer knows a clerk of twenty-five years of age through whose hands millions of pounds pass, and who is left in sole charge of handfuls of sovereigns, whose salary comes to exactly fifteen shillings a week. Out of this magnificent sum he has to dress well and to keep up appearances. Such are the advantages of being a clerk.

Better be a plumber than a clerk, plumbers earn good wages; the work is not killing, and there is an active demand for good workmen.

Perhaps plumbing may not seem genteel enough. Why not educate your boy for the Church? The writer interviewed a curate, who said:

"The usual talk about curates being underpaid, hard-worked, heel-crushed creatures is all bunkum. The average curate has an easy time compared to that of the average member of the other learned professions. Better still, he can command a much higher rate of remuneration.

"There is a surprising dearth of curates, and this has been the case for some time now; people seem to overlook the Church as a profession. The vicar of a London parish has been advertising for a curate for weeks. He offers a suitable man £200 a year, and is still advertising.

"There is no more promising profession for a boy than mine. He can always obtain

A GOOD RATE OF PAY

and pleasant duties until he is forty. When he tries to obtain a living things are different, as the competition is great, and influence is necessary. However, it will be his own fault if he is not well married by then, as a curate has unrivalled opportunities, at tennis, and what not, of associating with wealthy members of the opposite sex.

"Had I a daughter I would train her to be an elementary school-mistress. The certificated mistresses of our church schools receive from £60 to £120 a year as salary; at other schools the rate of pay is higher. Holidays are many, amounting to from two to three months in our own schools, and the hours are short, from nine to four each day, and five days to the week.

"Compare the rate of pay and the duties with those of any other kind of employment open to woman, and note the difference. Morever, there is always a demand for elementary-school teachers, that is, women teachers. Men teachers are at a discount, in fact, there can be no worse calling for a man. I know of a case, it was a school in the Midlands, where there were 420 applicants for a mastership to which was attached a comparatively small salary. Many of the men had taken high degrees."

Another branch of employment open to women, which is not overstocked, is domestic service. A friend of the writer, the wife of a well-known barrister, told him that she had inserted an advertisement for a housemaid in one of our leading newspapers. The advertisement appeared six times, and

THERE WAS BUT A SINGLE REPLY.

A somewhat similar advertisement for literary assistance brought in 135 applications by the first post.

A domestic servant who can cook well is sure of a good situation. Wages are high, and there appears to be little competition. In addition there are many "perquisites" of a valuable nature.

A well-known Denbighshire Border gentleman stated the other day that parents need have no difficulty in finding remunerative occupation for their children. The sons should be trained to domestic service as well as the daughters. Referring to the training of the sons as footmen, valets, and butlers, he says:

"Just now there is a positive dearth of these services in London, 'a footman famine'—as it has been described to me—existing. Footmen are at a terrific premium. Very high wages and very comfortable places in the best families are offered, but the supply does not respond to the demand."

Qualified chemists are nearly as scarce as errand boys and that is saying much, for the cry for errand boys is the same all over the country—from Land's End to John o' Groats. Parents would do well to bring up their sons to be chemists. The work is agreeable and the pay is high. Why should a young man slave at a desk for 22s. a week when he can get £5 a week behind the counter, as a chemist's assistant?

A chemist has to undergo a special training, but this is not expensive in these days of technical schools and science classes. A good man is always sure of his living, which is not true in the ranks of medicine or the law. The complementary service for women is dispensing, a work suitable to their sex. Many women are employed in hospitals and in doctors' surgeries in dispensing medicines. It pays better than nursing.

A wide increasing and remunerative sphere of employment open to the coming generation is that in connection with commercial electrical undertakings. There is a great demand for the various kinds of electricians, from electrical engineers proper to linesmen.

The uses of electricity are so many, and its development is so marvellous that no parents who have the welfare of their offspring at heart can leave it out of their consideration when choosing a calling for their young ones—male and female.

The uses of electricity are expanding and increasing so rapidly that there is no fear of the callings being overcrowded, or the competition too severe.

"There is a glorious time coming for us soon," said a tailor to the writer recently. "We have had a poor time for the last twenty years, but there is a splendid fortune at hand. I am teaching all my lads tailoring, for to be a tailor will be to be a fortunate man shortly. Wait until we get a resident Court in London, then hard times will be past, so far as high-class tailors are concerned."

There is no doubt that the new Royal Court will establish a reign of fashion and splendour hitherto unknown to the present generation. Tailors will be the largest benefiters by the change, for men's fashions have varied so little, that the expense of dressing has been reduced to its lowest limits. A man cannot learn to be a good tailor in a day; this means that those in the trade will not find undue competition, for several years at any rate. Moreover the change in fashions will affect the civilised world, London fashions being man's "Paris fashions."

Dressmakers, florists, hairdressers, and the rest will participate in the "fashion boom," but none to the extent of the men's outfitters. The average man may not consider a return to the quickly-changing and extravagant fashions of old Court days as a blessing, but the tailor will find it such. Few trades offer such bright prospects to a lad as does the tailor's.

SLIPPERY CUSTOMERS.

FISH are exceedingly difficult to hold when first taken from the water. This slipperiness is caused by a mucus that is exuded from the scales, and it is curious to note the uses of this slime. Think of them while you are having your seaside holiday.

One of its uses is to protect the fish from its enemies; being difficult to grasp, it slips away and gets free. Animal foes are not its only enemies; in every kind of water—salt or fresh, pure or foul—there are plant fungi that will fasten themselves to fishes if there is any opportunity.

If some portion of the fish's body is injured so that the slime does not cover it, the vegetable fungus clings to that part, then spreads over the body, with the result that the gills are covered and the poor fish is done for.

The mucus also lessens the friction, thus facilitating progress through the water. It also serves as a buffer for the scales, preventing injury to a great extent.

THE OLD MAN'S ADVICE.

"MY boy," said the old man kindly, as he poked his head through the back parlour doorway about 11 p.m., where his prospective son-in-law, Charles, sat courting Eliza, with the gas turned on full force, "are you aware that the moon is shining brightly this evening? Just see," and the old man turned the gas out. "Just observe, my boy, how the moon's yellow rays light up this room. Truly, it is a glorious spectacle. But come with me a moment; I have something in the cellar which I wish to show you."

Then the old man took his bull's-eye lantern and led the way down the cellar stairs, closely followed by Charles.

"My boy," said he softly, as they reached the cellar, "I know you love Eliza with all the strength of your noble heart, and you love to meet her often, and let me say that I have no objection whatever to your doing so; I simply request your presence in this cellar that I might give you a much-needed and useful lesson in economy. Observe, young man, the little box over in that corner." Here he turned the light of his bull's-eye full upon the aforesaid box. "Well, that's a gas-meter, and every time that little pointer whirls round the space of that dial it means 6s. 6d. nearer the workhouse for me. That's all, Charles. Now we will ascend, and hereafter when the moon is shining you will not forget my lesson in economy, will you? Remember, my boy, to meet her by moonlight costs nothing, but to meter by gaslight is quite another affair. Good night, Charles; the moon is still shining brightly, I see."

Then the old man skipped blithely up the back stairs to bed.

WHEN a man gets famous, it would seem that every man in the country used to play marbles with him at school.

"DON'T you think 'by-by' is rather a silly sort of expression for sedate folks like us to use when we part?" she asked, as she stood in the door of his office, preparatory to her shopping tour.

"It depends, my dear," her husband replied, "on how you spell it. I mean 'b-u-y, b-u-y.'"

Cities Where Horses Cannot Live!

What Our Streets Cost Us in Horseflesh.

To the casual observer one horse is much the same as another. The man who bowls along from the station to his office every morning, barely notices whether he is riding behind the same horse to-day as yesterday. As a matter of fact, the animal that carried him at the beginning of the week, may be cut into small pieces and impaled upon skewers before the week is out.

The supply does not run short. There is always a more or less capable and willing horse to be whipped up to the kerb-edge in response to his nod to the cabman, or a pair of sturdy animals to drag his 'bus to the City.

The toll that we pay for our streets in horse-flesh is almost incredible.

It is calculated that if the Post-Office, the public carriers, contractors, 'bus and tram companies, coach, char-à-banc, wagonette and carriage owners, together with the hansom cab proprietors, were to pool their money for the purpose of taking up and relaying certain streets, the present remarkable mortality among their horses would decrease to such an extent as to recoup them for their outlay.

All our great cities contain streets that bring a horse one step nearer the knacker's yard every time they are traversed. Think, for a second what a horse is, and what we force it to do. He is strong muscularly, but more delicate than a human being constitutionally. The complaints a horse can have are innumerable, and he catches them as easily as a baby catches cold.

This fine lady of an animal is only sure-footed on soft ground. But the imperious needs of our modern life compel us to put a thick ring of beaten iron on her feet and urge her along roads that are harder than iron. The feet of a trotting horse strike the ground with great force. Even an animal trained to lift his fore feet replaces them each time with a shock that he feels through his whole system if the ground be hard. This continual jar kills the horse as certainly as if he had been poleaxed.

The number of cases reported at the police-courts every year is not a large one. This would seem to be in opposition to the statement that the paving of our streets robs horses of their lives by thousands. The fact, however, is that horses that are ruined by the nature of the streets are ruined quickly, and the public has little chance of noting their condition. After a day's work they return to the stable apparently sound. In the morning they are discovered to have "gone lame." It is impossible to take them out. If they prove to be among the victims claimed by our streets their doom is sealed, and they must be replaced by others.

At the top of a list of pavings placed in order of their hurtfulness to horses is the asphalte paving.

During the last eighteen months a very great number of horses have been "commandeered" by the British Government for transport and other purposes in South Africa. They have been taken from the poles of 'buses and the shafts of cabs, and thousands of animals have been brought to London from provincial cities and towns to fill their places. The almost immediate result was a remarkable increase in the number of accidents, and a greatly augmented death-rate among horses.

"I know that horse; he comes from Manchester!" said a Manchester man to the writer recently as a hansom cab-horse passed them, floundering down the shiny asphalte of Cheapside. He did not mean that he recognised the actual animal, but he knew that this horse had been used to the "setts" of Manchester, and was being ruined by the asphalte of London. It was one of those horses that had "come up to London" to replace one dispatched to the front.

Wood paving is the second worse paving for horses. It quickly wears into little holes and pitfalls, and after it has been down a few months there are scarcely four square inches of level ground upon which a horse can place his hoof without side strain. The side strain splits the hoofs and irreparably damages the fetlocks.

What is good for hoofs is not often good for wheels. Therefore it follows in many cases that when the rider is jolted the horse is fairly comfortable. For instance, "cobbles" afford an excellent foothold for horses.

This form of paving is made up of large, rounded stones set close together and hammered into the earth. There are fewer cobble streets in London than in our other great cities, but in the more commercial districts of the capital they are almost exclusively used. In Paris, Brussels, and Vienna they are very common, and generally give satisfaction.

But the very best roads of all are those of macadam. Nothing can beat these for horses or vehicles, but they are costly and must be relaid at regular intervals. But it is declared by horse owners that the extra outlay would be more than regained in the saving effected in the value of horses.

Some ingenious Americans have tried to introduce into this country the idea of putting rubber on the roads instead of on the tyres of vehicles. Compressed rubber pavings are, indeed, not unknown on this side. They are used in courtyards of residential flats, and in gangways of hotels leading to railway stations, the object being to deaden the noise of the traffic. But it is unlikely that we shall ever have a main thoroughfare paved with so costly a material as rubber.

In an article called "The Poet King," in the July PEARSON'S, Mr. Robert Sherard gives a brilliant character-sketch of the most accomplished king in the world—Oscar II., of Sweden and Norway. His is a character worth studying.

"INDIGEST
was sapping my st
making an old man
says Mr. Alfred Ba
nr. Bristol. "Howe
departure dates from

SEIGE

"This well-known
made all food agre
trouble and care
the testimony of
experience, the cura
ailments arising fro
action of the liver.
Ask for Seigel's

A QUART OF DELICIOUS CUSTARD FREE.

It is a long time since we have been so delighted with an article of food as we have been recently with a Custard made from "Eiffel Tower" Custard Powder. It is simply perfect, and we advise every lover of Custards to try it at once. We recommend it simply and solely for its excellence, at the same time we cannot understand how the makers can produce for a penny a packet sufficient to make a quart. You can doubtless get it from your Grocer, but we understand that Messrs. Foster, Clark and Co., 27 "Eiffel Tower" Factory, Maidstone (who are also manufacturers of the famous "Eiffel Tower" Lemonade), will send sufficient to make a quart free on receipt of a post-card.

THE CORONATION
Cailler's
THE GENUINE SWISS MILK
Chocolate
HAS BEEN CROWNED WITH SUCCESS.
The most nutritious delicacy.
Largest sale in the world.
Of Confectioners, Grocers, &c.
Agents:
ELLIS & CO., Liverpool.
11 Bow Lane, London, E.C.

"INDIGESTION

was sapping my strength, stiffening my joints, and making an old man of me long before my time," says Mr. Alfred Barnes, of Albert Road, Keynsham, nr. Bristol. "However, it is clean gone now, and its departure dates from the time I commenced taking

SEIGEL'S SYRUP

"This well-known remedy sharpened my appetite, made all food agree with me, and lifted a load of trouble and care right out of my life." Such is the testimony of thousands who know, by blessed experience, the curative power of Seigel's Syrup in all ailments arising from imperfect digestion and sluggish action of the liver.

Ask for Seigel's Syrup and see that you get it.

KEATING'S POWDER

HARMLESS TO ANIMALS

KILLS BUGS. FLEAS. MOTHS. BEETLES.

Sold in Tins 3d., 6d., 1s. each

KILLS BUGS FLEAS. MOTHS. BEETLES.

The Public are Cautioned that my Powder is sold in Tins. None genuine unless the Signature of Thomas Keating is on the outside label.

ASK FOR "KEATING'S POWDER" AND TAKE NO OTHER

KEATING'S NEW PATENT BELLOWS

USED BY ALL TRAVELLERS

KEATING'S IS UNRIVALLED

SOLD IN TINS 3d 6d 1s

THE NEW FILLED BELLOWS 9D

KILLS

FLEAS. BUGS. MOTHS. BEETLES

A QUART OF DELICIOUS CUSTARD FREE.

It is a long time since we have been so delighted with an article of food as we have been recently with a Custard made from "Eiffel Tower" Custard Powder. It is simply perfect, and we advise every lover of Custards to try it at once. We recommend it simply and solely for its excellence, at the same time we cannot understand how the makers can produce for a penny a packet sufficient to make a quart. You can doubtless get it from your Grocer, but we understand that Messrs. Foster, Clark and Co., 27 "Eiffel Tower" Factory, Maidstone (who are also manufacturers of the famous "Eiffel Tower" Lemonade), will send sufficient to make a quart free on receipt of a post-card.

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THE GENUINE SWISS MILK

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The most nutritious delicacy.
Largest sale in the world.
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ORGAN BOOK FREE

IT'S WORTH A POST-CARD

to get this interesting and handsomely get-up book. Full of useful hints on Organ Buying—and tells you why the FAMOUS

CORNISH ORGANS

are the very finest, cheapest, and best made organs ever produced. They are offered on

ONE YEAR'S FREE TRIAL.

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N.B.—A Piece of Piano Music sent if this paper is named. **FREE**

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Or on the Gradual Payment System.

Particulars free from

The SWIFT CYCLE Co. Ltd., COVENTRY.
X London—15 & 16 Holborn Viaduct, E.C. X

THIS IS THE SHOE YOU WANT.

An 'IDEAL' Summer Shoe.

Made with strong Pianed Jute Sole, which will last much longer than leather with ordinary wear. We are constantly receiving repeat orders from customers who have worn a single pair 1, 2, and 3 years. Comfortable and healthful, noiseless, give thorough ventilation. Enclose length walking shoe. Prices (Post Free): White, Black or Brown.

	Childn's.	Ladies'.	Gents'
A. Plain Shoes ...	1s. 6d.	1s. 9d.	2s. 6d.
D. Superior Canvas (see illust'n)		2s. 6d.	2s. 9d.
E. Velvet Uppers (Black) ...		2s. 6d.	2s. 9d.
Leather Soled Shoes (supr.)	2s. 6d.	2s. 6d.	2s. 9d.
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Red Rubber, Brown Canvas only			2s. 6d.

PATENT CANVAS SHOE CO., 95X, Bath Street, GLASGOW.

Illustrated Catalogue of Novelties post free, 1d.

SULPHOLINE LOTION,

For clearing the Skin from Spots, Blemishes, Redness, Roughness, giving a Beautiful Complexion and pleasing appearance.

SHILLING BOTTLES.

BICYCLE £4 18 8

We are the world's greatest and cheapest cycle suppliers. We sell at £4 18s. 8d. up, for money down, or 1 shilling a week in regular payments. Two years' warranty, 1901 models. Machines of unsurpassed excellence. Thousands of satisfied riders. Send stamp for catalogue.

SYMONDS' LONDON STORES, 68, HATTON GARDEN, LONDON, E.C.

The "SIGNAL" Gent's Silver Capped Lever and Lady's Silver Centrique Hunter

Our wholesale price to you **30/-**.

EITHER OF THESE WATCHES SENT ON RECEIPT OF 3/-.

30/-

Seven days' free approval is allowed, and if watch proves satisfactory you complete purchase by nine monthly payments of 3/-.

AWARDED NINE PRIZE MEDALS.

The fact that these watches have met with the approval of experts is proof of their reliability as timekeepers.

Warranted Ten Years.

Both productions are fitted in strong silver cases, and the Gent's watch has lever escapement, compensation balance, and cuppe l movement.

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WATTS & Co. Limited,
Jewellers, BRISTOL.

SUCHARD COCOA

Sample of Cocoa Free from CHOCOLAT SUCHARD, 23 King William St., London, E.C. on receipt of post-card mentioning Pearson's Weekly.

GRAND PRIX PARIS HIGHEST MARK OF MERIT

Suchard's

CHOCOLATE.
DESSERT À LA VANILLE,
in 1d., 3d., & 6d. Tablets.
A very fine, smooth eating chocolate.

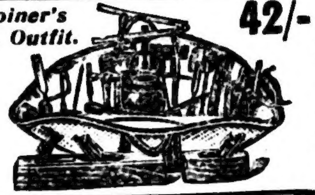
GIANDUJAS.
A Lovely BONBON, Boat-shaped, made of Chocolate and Hazel Nut, each being wrapped in silver paper—with name on.

Tools

J. G. GRAVES' Two-Guinea Bass of Joiners' Tools contains:

26in. Swaged and Hollow Back Hand Saw, 12in. Tenon Saw, Best Axe, 2¼in. Jack Plane, 2¼in. Smooth Plane, American Pattern Brace and Set of 6 Black Bits, Bevelled 2ft. Rule, 2 Files, 4 Best Handled Chisels, 3 ditto Gouges, Rosewood Plated Square, Hammer, Marking Awl, Spokeshave, Turnscrew, 3 Gimlets, 3 Bradawls, Mortice Mallet, Bradpunch, Glue Pot and Brush, and Strong Bass.

Joiner's Outfit. **42/-**



TERMS. Please **send 5s.** with order (as a guarantee of good faith), and the Tools will be forwarded to you; if satisfied, the balance can be paid in seven more monthly payments of 5s. each and one of 2s.; or, if you prefer to send the balance, 37s., in one sum within seven days of delivery, you will be entitled to select a Useful and Valuable Present as **Special Cash Discount Bonus.**

J. G. Graves executes all Orders under Positive Agreement to refund the deposit in full if Goods are not perfectly satisfactory in every respect.

ILLUSTRATED TOOL CATALOGUE, Tools for all trades, will be forwarded **Post Free** to any address.

Wanted. — Energetic, Persevering Young Men to take up profitable agency. Good Pay. No Risk. Write for particulars.

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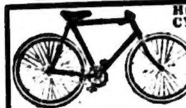
23 Division St., SHEFFIELD.



High Grade "VICTORY CYCLES" 10/- Monthly. *Sample at Special Price.* Car. paid, for cash, free wheels, plated rims, &c. Agents wanted. Lists free. The Dereham Road Cycle Co.'s Works, Norwich.

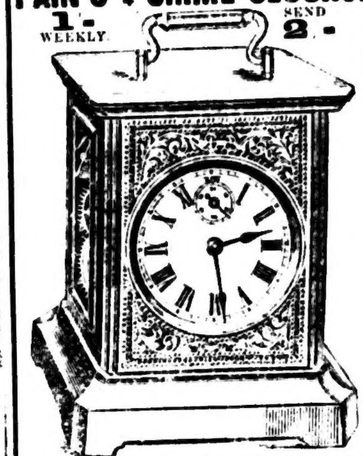
NELSON'S PENSION TEA.

That our Widows' Pensions are highly appreciated we have ample testimony in the numerous letters we have received from Widows. Over **£800** in pensions is posted to **2,000** Widows every Friday, amounting to over **£40,000** per annum. Now, what have these Widows done to get this **£40,000** per annum? They have every week during their husband's lifetime purchased ½ a lb. of Nelson's Pension Tea. Are there not many more who will purchase ½ a lb. of Tea every week, when by so doing they qualify themselves for a pension of **10s.** per week for life, providing they remain Widows? Will it not be a splendid New Century Resolution to purchase Nelson's Pension Teas? If you will send us your name and address we shall be pleased to send you the name and address of our nearest Agent. We have over 3,000 Agents in the United Kingdom, and a large number of Branches.

Men and Women desiring an Agency for the sale of our Tea are invited to apply for terms. Please address **Nelson and Co., the Great Tea Men, Louth, Lincolnshire.**

PAIN'S ¼-CHIME CLOCKS.

1/- WEEKLY. SEND **2/-**



[illegible] sent post free on approval, [illegible] Discount allowed for Cash [illegible] making cash price [illegible] only. The "**WESTMINSTER**" Chime Clock chimes ¼ [illegible] hours, and plays pretty tune at hour. Real Nickel Embossed Brass Case, Glass Panels at Sides, through which is seen the Real Lever Movement. Height, 7½in., width, 5½in.

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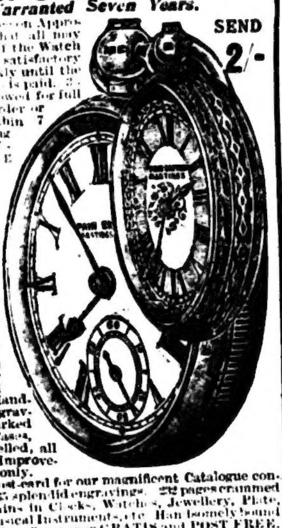
Warranted Seven Years.

SEND **2/-**



Sent Post Free on Approval for 2/-, that all may test them. If the Watch is perfectly satisfactory send 1/- weekly until the balance of 2s. is paid. 3/- Discount allowed for full Cash with order or balance within 7 days, making Cash price 27/- only. THE '**TIMES**' Gents' Keyless or Key-wind Watch, Massive Silver Hall-Marked Cases, Fully Jewelled, all Latest Improvements, 30/-.

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Send a Post-card for our magnificent Catalogue containing 2,165 splendid engravings. 272 pages crammed with Bargains in Clocks, Watches, Jewellery, Plate, Cutlery, Musical Instruments, etc. Handsomely bound and printed on fine paper GRATIS and POST FREE.

PAIN BROS. (Dept. No. 452), **Wholesale Jewellers, HASTINGS.** *Agents Wanted.*

WOOLF BROS.,
"ONE PROFIT" TAILORS, **41 Barbican, E.C.**

You can go to any Tailor and pay **more or less** than we charge for our garments, BUT go where you will you cannot get OUR qualities in **Made-to-Measure Tailoring** at less than double our prices. The reason is that we are the only **wholesale manufacturing Tailors** now advertising, and, therefore, are in the best position to give **VALUE FOR MONEY.**

BUSINESS SUITS
Made to Measure,
22/6

In a great variety of patterns. Unequalled at double our price. Better qualities, **30/-, 35/-, & 40/-**

SERGE SUITS
Made to Measure,
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An immensely popular line with us. Thousands have been made and not a single complaint received. Better qualities, **30/-, 35/-, & 40/-.**

TROUSERS
Made to Measure,
5/6, 8/6, & 10/6
Our Speciality

Magnificent Quality, Style, Quality and Finish Guaranteed.

THIS IS FREE!

We offer to all Applicants our Large Bunch of **NEW SEASON'S PATTERNS.** We ask you to write for these and judge our prices by the qualities of our patterns. That will be a practical test of our statement.

We pay Carriage on all Goods in the United Kingdom.

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Direct from the Kilns. Saving 50 per cent. **CROCKERY:** **Two years'** Supplies for **21/-**

For the modest sum of **21/-** we will supply any ordinary family with crockery enough to last two years. One Dinner Set, 47 pieces, printed; one Breakfast Set, 21 pieces, pure white, finished in

gold; one Tea Set, 21 pieces, printed, artistic shapes, decorated in art colours. Every article perfectly sound and well made. Satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded. Smaller Parcels at **10/6.** For **1/-** several samples and testimonials sent.

The Direct Supply Pottery Co., Hanley, Staffs.

Ladies who swear BY **MAYPOLE SOAP DYES**

New Style Old Style

may be numbered by the thousand, for since they began to use these wonderful dyes, and at a cost of **ONLY 4d. a Cake** in any colour, they have every excuse for their swearing.

Send for Free Booklet, "THE PERFECTION OF HOME DYEING," to the Maypole Co., Ltd., 17 Cumming Street, London, N.

FREE TO THE RUPTURED.

Dr. W. S. Rice, the well-known New York Specialist, sends a trial of his famous method **FREE TO ALL.** Anyone can now cure themselves at home without pain, danger, operation, or an hour's loss of **TIME FROM WORK.**

At the earnest request of British patrons Dr. Rice has opened branch offices at Department (40) 8-9 Stonecutter Street, London, E.C., and to the thousands upon thousands of ruptured people who are torturing themselves with bad trusses, and are in momentary danger of death from strangulation, will send free to all a trial of his famous method that has saved so many lives and made so many men, women, and children well and strong and permanently cured of bad ruptures. Do not be backward about writing for the **FREE TRIAL.** It will cost you nothing, and will enable you to see how easily you can cure yourself in a short time without losing an hour from work. Dr. Rice is determined that every suffering man or woman shall know the wonderful truth that rupture can be cured, and he therefore generously sends, prepaid by post, his method absolutely free, and you can make a trial of it. Remember that it is the same method that Mr. Thomas Blay (whose picture is given below) used; and who can deny the truth when it is put before them in so clear a light? It must indeed be welcome words to the afflicted.

WORDS OF PRAISE FROM MR. BLAY.

No. 5 Ripley Terrace, Luddenden Foot, Yorkshire, April 6, 1901.

W. S. RICE,

Dear Sir,—After using your treatment for three months I find myself cured of my rupture at the age of 55. I had been ruptured for ten years. I shall advise all people afflicted with this complaint to use your treatment, as I know from experience that it will cure permanently. You must have a wonderful knowledge of rupture to fit one so perfectly without seeing the rupture. I am in good health now, something I have not enjoyed for ten years before. You can use this letter in any way you choose, and I hope it will guide others to a perfect cure.—Yours truly, T. BLAY.

There is absolutely no question about the curative ability of this combined and perfected method. It has stood the test of time; it has been through the fire of critical cases; it has come out victorious in every curable instance. It has saved the child to a life of independence; it has given the youth his natural endowment of health and strength to fight the battle of life successfully; it has conquered the blight upon old age, and turned years of suffering into ending days of joy and gladness. Whoever is ruptured, or knows a person suffering with rupture, should keep in mind the fact that in eighty per cent. of all cases there is a daily liability that before night they may say good-bye to earthly things. Does not this fact influence one to pause and consider whether they are using their best efforts in the way a wise Creator intended they should? And if the forethought, the research, and the painstaking effort of one who invents and studies for the relief of others is placed in our hands, is it not our duty to read and listen patiently that we may take advantage of that which contributes to our earthly benefit?

CATESBYS' DROLLERIES.
FIRST SERIES—DICKENS.
No. 3.—"MR. MICAWBER."

"The individual who [illegible] honour of presenting him[illegible] you at this juncture is a m[illegible] a man—in short, a man [illegible] long waited for something [illegible] up. Crushed to the [illegible] rapacity of my creditors [illegible] of home and cherished [illegible] by the same [illegible] I felt it would be a [illegible] erogation to pre[illegible] flickering rays of ho[illegible] thing *has* turned up [illegible] at last risen upon th[illegible] blighted and [illegible] short, I have just b[illegible] Catesbys. Under[illegible] that in your [illegible] may never have b[illegible] Court Road, I wi[illegible] knowledge of th[illegible] are the makers [illegible] Cork Lino whi[illegible] And, thanks to t[illegible] Easy Terms of p[illegible] that estimable fir[illegible] a creature of Ho[illegible] a comfortable ho[illegible] Cork Lino upon every [illegible]

"Now, as a man of [illegible] ence in life, and [illegible] experience, in short, [illegible] —generally speaking, [illegible] those whose annual in[illegible] modest a a little adv[illegible] piece of advice is: Annu[illegible] twenty pounds; [illegible] twenty-ought is [illegible] The blossom is blight[illegible] are for ever th[illegible] But with Catesbys [illegible] no individual n[illegible] stepping of th[illegible] Catesbys stand[illegible] Comfort, and [illegible]

"My second pi[illegible] Never do to-morrow what you can do to-day. Pro[illegible] thief of time. Collar him. In other words, write [illegible] for a sample of their Cork Lino. They will reply [illegible] you full particulars of their easy system of paying [illegible] have a superfluity of the wherewithal, you save [illegible] the pound by paying cash. How nice it will b[illegible] direct to your house carriage free."

CATESBYS' CORK LINO.

	A QUALITY.	[illegible]
3 yards by 3 yards	£0 15s. 9d.	£0 18s. [illegible]
3 yards by 3½ yards	£0 18s. 6d.	£1 1s. [illegible]
3 yards by 4 yards	£1 1s. 0d.	£1 4s. [illegible]
3½ yards by 4 yards	£1 4s. 6d.	£1 8s. [illegible]
4 yards by 4 yards	£1 8s. 0d.	£1 12s. [illegible]

CATESBY AND SONS (Dept. W[illegible]

64-67 Tottenham Court Road, London, W.

Business Hours, 8 till 8. Saturdays, 6 o'clock.

"ALKAN"
CURES IN ONE MINUTE

By Inhalation. The effect is Marvellous.

For Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Facial Neuralgia, Neuralgia of the Ear.

Of all Chemists and Stores

Prices, 2/9 and 4/6 per Bottle.

NO POKER WANTED.

Comfort and Economy ensured during the Summer months by using

FRANK RIPPINGILLE'S OIL STOVES.

May be lighted or extinguished in a moment. The dust and heat of a kitchen range entirely obviated. Invaluable for early breakfast. Coffee, Toast, Ham, and Eggs cooked in 15 minutes.

An Oil Cooker will do all the work of a Range at half the cost and a quarter the trouble. Dinner for Six People cooked at a cost of One Penny.

Get an Illustrated Catalogue from

THE FRANK RIPPINGILLE STOVE CO. LTD., BIRMINGHAM.

N.B.—Insist on having a Frank Rippingille. Every Stove guaranteed.

40/- SUIT FOR 15/3

As an advertisement offer, w[illegible] reader a Gentleman's Dura[illegible] Suit—to order wholesale [illegible] carriage free (worth 40/-[illegible] think this offer too good to b[illegible] get the Suit, then we rec[illegible] delight by the hundreds. If [illegible] interested in saving money, [illegible] simply write a post-card to

Manager, Pattern Department.

THE VI-CLOTHING CO.,
Grainger Street.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

and ask for Patterns, tape m[illegible] ticulars, which you need not r[illegible] you nothing, and will cert[illegible] pounds in tailors' bills. We a[illegible] men's Beaver Overcoats to o[illegible]

Established for the P[illegible]

Cut this offer out as it [illegible] again.

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***SENT ON APPROVAL** for 2/6.*

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COUPON. P. W. July 4, 1901.

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Simply send a post-card, with full name and address, and say you will either sell the jewellery or return it to us. On receiving your post-card we will at once post you the jewellery. When sold send us the 12/6 received for same, and we will at once send you, ABSOLUTELY FREE, either of the above valuable presents. A written guarantee for ten years accompanies each watch.

We send your present by return post. We have no other claim on you unless you receive your present, and you are at liberty to sell your present if you wish.

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THE FIRST NUMBER

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